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PERFECTION.

BY WILL FOSTER.

Fret not for Fame, but in Perfection rest,
Seek not the first, but the most excellent;
For thus it proves, when toils and cares have spent,
The first is often second to the best.

With patient spirit and unyielding zest
Toil to complete each daily task, Heaven-sent,
Rather with little ably done content,
Than lost in barren fields of fruitless quest.

For as in every grass and leaf and flower
God's work surpasses man's, so man is next
To God, when, spurning gold and fame and praise,
He takes a daisy as his daily text,
Strives simply, unassumingly each hour,
To inform with beauty Life's uncomeliest ways.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DORIS waited in the—literally—marble hall, while the valet went upstairs to convey the result of his mission to his master, and she employed the few minutes before his return in composing herself.

She was going, in obedience to his whim, to sit beside the bed of this sick old man who had robbed her of her lover and wrecked all her life, the Marquis of Stoyle, at whose request or command Lord Cecil had abandoned her!

"If anyone had told me that I should have done this thing," she mused in sad wonderment, "with what scorn I should have repelled the suggestion; and yet—I am here. And what is more wonderful still, I cannot hate him—could not, if I tried. Is it because he is so old, and ill, and helpless, and looks so unhappy? Only the wretched can feel for the wretched, they say," and she sighed as she followed the man up the stairs into a carefully-shaded room.

The great marquis lay upon a couch wrapped in his velvet dressing-gown, the brightness of which seemed to heighten the effect of his pallid, wasted face, with its piercing eyes shining like brilliants in their hollow, dark-ringed sockets.

He made an effort to rise as she entered, but fell back with an apologetic wave of his emaciated hand.

"You see how helpless I am, my dear!" he said; "worse than when you so generously came to my aid the other day. And so you consented to gratify the sick fancy of an old man, and have come to see me!"

Doris drew near and took the hand he extended to her, and as she bent over him a strange mysterious feeling of pity thrilled through her.

"I am sorry to see you so weak, my lord," she said gently; "but you will be better when the weather is cooler."

"Yes, yes," he assented eagerly. "Oh, yes; I shall get better! It is only a passing weakness! I have been very ill—I told you? Yes, I am very strong. We Stoyles have the constitution and"—with a grim smile—"the temper of Old Nick! Yes, I shall get better."

"I have brought you some flowers," said Doris.

The valet came forward with a vase, but the marquis waved him back.

"No," he said. "Give them to me! Give them to me," and he took them from her with a courtly eagerness. "Ah, beautiful; and you were so gracious as to think of them! They are almost as beautiful as yourself; but not more pure, not more innocent or pure," he added to himself, with a strange, wistful gravity, as his eyes rested on her sweet face, "whose goodness lay open to all men's eyes," as the poet says.

The valet came forward again to arrange the pillows, which had slipped down, and the marquis's face flashed angrily.

"Go, go!" he said irritably.

The man drew back with unmoved countenance, and Doris leant forward.

"Let me put them more comfortably for you, my lord," she said.

He allowed her to do it, without a word or sign of protest or resentment, and sank back with a sigh.

"'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

"Scott! Walter Scott! I can understand that now—now you are here! Yes, a ministering angel."

He seemed lost in thought for a moment, then he turned his keen eyes upon her inquiringly.

"You look pale and sad. Have you been in trouble? I have no right to ask, you will say; but curiosity is an old man's privilege, remember, my dear."

"'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,' my lord," said Doris, in a low voice.

"Aye," he said, knitting his brows. "Yes. Trouble we make for ourselves; but sorrow must have been unmerited in your case, child. Tell me——" he stopped short, and sighed. "I am forgetting," he said. "Why should you tell me? I am not your father——" he stopped again. "Did I tell you that I had a daughter once: she is dead. If she had lived she would have been about your age, I think. I wish——" again he stopped, and the proud lips quivered slightly. "I have neither son nor daughter; only a nephew, who, doubtless, thinks I am an unconscionable time dying; and he is right. It is time that there was a new Marquis of Stoyle."

Doris looked down.

"I—I think you do him an injustice, my lord," she said.

He laughed the old cynical laugh.

"If he doesn't, I've no doubt Grace does. Lady Grace Peyton, the girl he is going to marry," he explained, "is a clever girl; too clever for Cecil," and he smiled half scornfully. "She will have all the brains, and, perhaps, he will have all the honesty. Yes, I'll say that for him: he may be a fool, but he's no knave. A knave would have been too sharp for us——" He put his hand to his brow as if his memory were slipping from him and he was endeavoring to keep a hold upon it. "Did I tell you about him and Lady Grace? I think I told you."

Doris shook her head.

"No, my lord," she replied, almost inaudibly.

"No? I though——" He paused, and looked round with a helpless sigh. "I have forgotten it now. Spenser Churchill could tell you. It will amuse you." He smiled with childish enjoyment. "I wish I could remember, but I can't. My memory is worse, much worse since my illness," and he sighed again.

"Do not distress yourself, my lord," said Doris. "You shall tell me when you remember if you like."

He inclined his head.

"One time, not so long ago, I could remember everything," he said with a forced smile which was infinitely pitiable. "Not a face or a story but I could carry it in my mind, and now—" he looked at her apologetically—"I have actually forgotten your name, yours, who have been so kind to a feeble old man, my dear."

"Doris Marlowe," said Doris.

He repeated it twice or thrice, then shook his head.

"Yes, a pretty name. I don't think I ever heard it before. My little girl's name was Mary. They wanted to call her Lucy, after her mother; but there has been always been a Mary Neville—until now. I told you she died, did I not?"

"Yes, my lord," said Doris soothingly.

"Ye—es," he rested musingly. "If she had lived I should have had someone, like yourself, to see me through the last mile of life's race—the last mile. I kept race horses once. I've done and seen everything in my time. Wicked Lord Stoyle they called me. But through it all I was never so bad as some. Spenser Churchill, for instance——"

"Mr. Spenser Churchill has been very good to me, my lord," said Doris gently.

The keen, piercing eyes opened her with amazement.

"Good to you!—Spenser Churchill? You are jesting, child. He was never good to anyone, man or woman!" he laughed. "Spenser Churchill. Why, it was he who—" he stopped with a troubled look on his face. "No,—I've forgotten—it has slipped me again. It is something Grace was in, too. Clever woman, Grace; too clever for Cecil. But I had my way. Yes! I had my way."

Doris rose.

"I must go now, my lord," she said faintly.

"Yes?" he said wistfully. "Yes, I suppose so. It was very good of you, my dear, to humor an old man's whim. Let me look at you," and he raised himself on his elbow. "You are very pretty. Did I tell you I had a daughter? Yes, yes. I think,—it is only a fancy, this,—that she would have looked like you. He will be a happy man who wins that beautiful face and gentle heart!"

Doris's face flushed, and her eyes dropped and his keen ones noted her embarrassment.

"Ah," he said; "there is someone already in there not?"

"Yes, my lord," said poor Doris, in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Yes, yes! Who is he? What is his name? But it's no use telling me; I can't remember, you see! I should like to see him. Will you ask him to come and see me, an old man on the verge of the grave? You can say that, though it is'nt true! No, I'm worth twenty dead men still, and he raised himself, and glared at the opposite wall with a proud, cold hauteur, which made Doris shrink, for suddenly there flashed upon her mind the night Jeffrey had taken her to Drury Lane, and she had seen the old, stern-looking man in the box; and this was he! She remembered and recognised him now.

She rose trembling, and filled with a vague fear.

"Must you go? Thank you for coming to me! Remember, tell the fortunate man who has won you that I shall esteem it a favor if he will bring you to see me again. I should like to congratulate him upon the treasure he has got."

His shaking hand rested in her soft palm for a moment, then he fell back with a sigh; but immediately afterwards, as she left the room, she heard him address his valet in a hard, cold voice.

Doris went home greatly agitated.

"Your visit has been a trying one, I am afraid, dear," said Lady Despard, regarding her pale face with sympathetic curiosity. "Was he a very irritable old man? I've heard all sorts of stories about him."

"He is very ill and old," she said. "He—he was very kind and gentle to me," and, though she could scarcely have told why, h er eyes grew moist.

"Well, he would have to be a perfect monster, with a heart of stone, if he had been anything else than kind and gentle to you. And now I have some good news for you. Percy Levant has come back. All his preparations are complete, he says, for the happy event——"

Doris started. She had almost forgotten Percy Levant in the excitement of the interview with the marquis, and the memories and emotions he had evoked.

"I should think he had been working pretty hard or worrying about something," continued Lady Despard, "for he looks as grave as a judge, and hadn't a laugh in him. Oh, here he comes!"

Percy Levant entered the room as she spoke, and Lady Despard, murmuring some excuse, left the two young people alone.

He took Doris's hands, and look down at her with a grave tenderness that, if she had met his gaze, would have startled her by its sadness.

"Well, Doris," he said, "I have come back, and all is ready."

"I am glad you have come back," she said, in her low, sweet voice. "Lady Despard has missed you terribly."

"And you?" he asked.

"And I!" she answered, lifting her eyes to his face for a moment. "Yes, I missed you. I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose one without missing him."

"Friend!" he said, almost inaudibly. "Well, yes, I am truly your friend. And you don't regret—you have no misgivings as to the future, Doris?"

She paused, almost imperceptibly, then in a still lower voice, replied—

"No, I have no regrets, no misgivings. I—I trust you entirely."

"Yes, dearest," he said, and he bent and kissed her hands, "and you may do so, I think, entirely. I must go and dress now."

"Wait a moment," she said falteringly. "I have something to tell you," and she told him of her meeting with the marquis and her visit to him.

"The Marquis of Stoyle!" he said as she mentioned his name, and he let her hands drop suddenly. "The Marquis of Stoyle!" and his eyes rested upon her face with a curious expression.

"Yes," she said, her heart beating. "Do—do you know him?"

"No, but I have heard of him," he replied. "Who has not? He is the uncle of Lord Cecil Neville," and he watched her closely.

Her face flushed for an instant, then grew pale again.

"Yes," she said simply. "And will you come with me to see him? He is very ill, worse than he thinks, and—and nearer death than he would believe."

"I will come with you if you wish it," he said. "I will do anything you wish, now and always, Doris."

"Well, I do wish it. I don't know why," she said with a smile that was rather troubled, "but I do wish it."

"Then we will go," he said as a matter of course. "And now I'll go and make myself presentable."

With his change of clothes he seemed to have got rid of the gravity and melancholy which Lady Despard had remarked upon; and that evening he was the Percy Levant of old, causing Lady Despard to laugh until she declared that she was tired, and bringing a smile even to Doris's quietly brooding face.

Once or twice Lady Despard referred to the now rapidly approaching marriage day, but when she did so he evaded the subject and changed it, as if it were too close to his heart to be spoken of lightly.

"After all, dear," said Lady Despard, as she came into Doris's dressing room for a few minutes' chat before going to bed, "I

don't know that you could have done better. He loves you to distraction, and he's awfully clever and light-hearted. You'll never know what it is to be bored for a single moment," and her ladyship, recalling the many wearisome hours she had endured in the society of her dear departed, sighed; "and he is really the handsomest man I have ever met. Yes, I don't know, dear, that you haven't done wisely in choosing him. But I wish he had some money and a title. I have a fancy that you ought to be called 'my lady.' There is something about you,—a certain dignity ——"

Doris swung her thick hair over her shoulders, and looked down at Lady Despard's pensive face with a smile.

"That's 'spoke sarcastic,' as Artemus Ward would say," she said. "I 'my lady!' Plain 'Mrs.' will suit me better than anything grander, I think."

"I don't agree with you," said Lady Despard; "but it can't be helped now, and, after all, one is none the happier for a title; and I do hope you will be happy, dear! You deserve it so very much," and she put her arm round the slim waist, and kissed her.

Doris slept little that night. The white, haggard face of the old man haunted her, and, strangely enough, the frank, handsome one of Lord Cecil, in all its bravery of youth and strength, mingled with it in an inextricable fashion.

At breakfast, Percy Levant was still in a bright humor, and jested even about their visit to the marquis.

"Not content with playing the Lady Charitable herself, you see, Lady Despard, Doris must needs make a district visitor of me! What part do I take, now? Am I to carry the basket with the tea and tracts, or what? Perhaps, when you get there, the marquis will have forgotten your existence."

"I am quite sure he is too gallant to do that," interrupted Lady Despard.

"Or perhaps he will regard my presence as an intrusion, and order me to be cast into the deepest dungeon. Any way I suppose we have got to chance it, so put your things on, Doris, and let us get it over."

Doris filled a basket with some flowers, and a bunch of grapes—"just to keep up the character," Percy Levant remarked,—and the valet received them in the villa with an air of respectful gratitude.

"His lordship has been enquiring for you all the morning, miss," he said. "He has spoken of nothing else, scarcely," he said, as he led them upstairs.

As Doris entered she saw or fancied she saw that a change had taken place even in the few hours since she had last seen him; and his voice sounded to her weaker, as raising himself on his elbow he stretched out his hands towards her with feeble eagerness.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear!" he said, his thin, wasted fingers closing over her soft, warm ones. "This is very good of you, very! And this, who is this?"

"This is Mr. Levant," said Doris, in a low voice.

"Mr. Levant," he repeated, in quite a different voice. "And who is——? Ah, yes, I remember. I thank you, sir, for granting my request," and he inclined his head to Percy Levant with stately courtesy. "I wished to see you, wished to see you very much. This young lady has been very kind to the old and feeble man you see before you. She has a gentle and a good heart, sir. And you are the fortunate man who has won it, it would seem."

"I deem myself very fortunate, my lord," said Percy Levant.

The keen, piercing eyes seemed to dart through him.

"That is the truth, if you never spoke it before," he retorted in his old cynical way. "Have I had the honor of meeting you before, Mr. Levant?"

"Never that I am aware of, my lord," said Percy Levant; "and my acquaintances are so few that I am not likely to have forgotten it."

"Ah," said the old man, still eyeing him as if he were trying to gain some glimpse of his character. "You are ready with a repartee, I observe."

"One need be who would hope to be worthy of crossing swords with the Marquis of Stoyle."

The old man's eyes glittered.

"Good! good!" he said in a low voice; then, to Doris, whose hand he still held as she sat beside the couch, "You will have a clever man for a husband, my dear, and that is better than having a fool."

Doris hung her head.

"And you, sir, will have such a treasure as falls to the lot of few mortals."

Percy Levant, as he stood with folded arms, bowed gravely.

"I am fully sensible of that, my lord."

"You should be," said the marquis.

There was a moment's silence, during which his eyes lost their keen expression and grew absent and dreamy.

"Marriages are made in Heaven," he said, as if to himself. "Yes, in Heaven. Do you know my nephew, Cecil Neville?"

Doris sank lower into her chair, and averted her face.

"I have heard of him, my lord," replied Percy Levant.

"Ah, no doubt! He is not clever, but he marries a clever girl! Yes, Grace is clever," and a smile curved his thin lips. "Cecil gave us some trouble, but we were too sharp for him. I think I told you, my dear?" he broke off to ask of Doris.

She shook her head and tried to speak, to lead him away from further mention of the name which struck her heart, but with the persistence of old age he went on—

"It's a curious story, Mr.——forgive me, sir, but I have forgotten your name."

"Percy Levant; but it is of no consequence, my lord."

"Thank you, Mr. Levant. A curious story. My nephew, Cecil Neville, is the next in succession. He will be the Marquis of Stoyle. We were never very friendly. My fault, no doubt; I plead guilty, my dear," to Doris. "All old men in my position have plans, and I have one. I wanted him to marry Peyton's daughter Grace. You see, Peyton and I were old friends, and Grace had a claim upon me. I thought she would make a very good marchioness, and a capital match for Cecil. I'm afraid I weary you, sir," he broke off.

"On the contrary," said Percy Levant in a constrained voice, and carefully avoiding looking in Doris's direction.

"No? You are very good. Well, I wanted Cecil to marry her. I expected some opposition, but, by gad, I didn't expect that he would thwart me to the extent of falling in love—engaging himself to another girl!"

Doris, white and trembling, laid her hand upon his arm.

"You—you will tire yourself, my lord," she managed to murmur.

"No, no," he said. "I want to tell you, my dear. It is a very good story. Where was I——?"

"Lord Cecil was in love with another lady, I believe, my lord," said Percy Levant in a dry voice.

"Yes, yes," murmured the marquis feebly, "a young person by the name of ——' he stopped and knit his brows. "I'm sorry, but I can't remember her name!"

"It is of no consequence, my lord," said Percy Levant, still averting his eyes from the spot where Doris sat with drooping head.

"I can't remember her name. She was an actress. An actress! Imagine it, my dear!" and he turned to Doris with a smile. "A common actress to be the Marchioness of Stoyle! I thought Cecil had gone out of his mind, and that I could laugh at him, or argue him out of his absurd fancy; but sarcasm and logic were thrown away upon him, and I admit that I should have been beaten, yes, beaten!—I who had never been thwarted in my life!—but fortunately someone came to my aid."

He stopped and dropped back upon the cushions; and Doris with an effort rose and gave him some water.

"Thank you, my dear," he said gratefully, his eyes resting on her pale face with an affectionate smile.

"Spenser Churchill——" Doris nearly let the glass fall, and sank back into her chair.

"Mr. Spenser Churchill, the great philanthropist, my lord?" asked Percy Levant in a dry voice.

The marquis laughed a sardonic laugh.

"Yes, the great philanthropist! The man who takes the chair at the great annual meetings, the man who champions the cause of the widow and the orphans. Yes, that is the man. Everybody knows Spenser Churchill." He stopped and smiled, as if he were revelling in some memory connected with the name. "That is the man. You know him?"

Percy Levant nodded.

"Everyone knows him, my lord."

"And believes in him! That's an admirable joke! Well, he came to my assistance. My nephew, Cecil, had arranged to meet his 'ladylove,' this actress girl, or to put a letter to her underneath a stone or in a hollow tree—the usual thing, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Levant, my lord," said Percy.

"Thank you, thank you! Yes, Mr. Levant.

"And my friend, Spenser Churchill, the great philanthropist, suggested that I should send Cecil out of the way, and that he, Spenser Churchill, should forge a letter from Cecil dissolving the engagement, and place it in the hollow tree or wherever it was. I forget——" and he fell back, struggling for breath.

Doris sat motionless as a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap; Percy Levant bent over him and gave him some water.

"It—it was dangerous work, for Cecil had not left for Ireland, and—and if he had caught Spenser Churchill——" He stopped, and smiled significantly. "But I'll give Churchill his due. He risked the thing, and exchanged the real letter for the forgery, and—*heigh presto!*—the engagement to this actress girl was done away with. The simple girl fell into the pit Spenser Churchill had dug for her"—he waved his thin, white hand—"there was an end of her, thank Heaven!"

"Yes," said Percy Levant grimly, his eyes still fixed on the white wrinkled face. "And Lord Cecil, what of him?"

"Oh, he'll get over it in time," said the marquis. "I think he was hard hit. I remember when he came back from Ireland he was rather cut up. I think so. My memory is very bad. But he could not have felt it much, for he proposed to Grace."

"And Mr. Spenser Churchill: did he have anything to do with this engagement, my lord?"

The marquis thought for a moment.

"I don't know; but I expect he had. Oh, yes, he must have had, for I promised to give him a couple of thousand pounds the day Cecil and Grace were married, and I daresay he did his best to earn it. Trust Spenser Churchill for that!"

"Yes. And Lord Cecil and Lady Grace Peyton; are they married yet?" asked Percy Levant.

The marquis shook his head.

"No; they are waiting until I get better, and I am getting better! I shall be quite well directly; and, my dear, an idea has just struck me. You shall be one of Grace's bridesmaids!"

Doris started, and shrank back speechlessly. Suddenly she felt Percy Levant's hand upon her arm.

"Say 'Yes,'" he said hoarsely.

"I—I cannot!" she almost moaned.

Percy Levant looked at her, then he took her hand in his, and held it for a moment.

"I understand," he said, and dropped it gently. "Your lordship is very kind," he said; "but Miss Marlowe is going to be married very soon, and, probably, before Lord Cecil. You have not told us the name of the young lady whose engagement to Lord Cecil was so cleverly broken off by Mr. Spenser Churchill. What was it?"

Doris rose, pale as a ghost, and caught Percy Levant's arm.

"No, no!" she breathed. "No! Do not ask him that!"

The marquis knit his brows.

"Her name?" he said in a low voice and with a bewildered air. "I—I can't remember. I am an old man, you see, sir, and—and—her name? What was it?"

Doris, drooping like a lily bent by the storm, clung to Percy Levant's arm.

"No, you shall not ask him!" she panted.

Slowly, painfully he removed her fingers from his arm.

"There is no need," he said, inaudibly to the marquis; "you have told me, already. Her name was Doris Marlowe!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

"NO need to tell me," said Percy Levant in a voice inaudible to the marquis. "I know!"

Doris sank back into her chair and covered her face with her hands. The marquis leant forward regarding her with alarm.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he enquired agitatedly. "What have I said ——" he broke down and began to cough and tremble, and the valet hurried to his side; but the old man waved him away with feeble savageness.

"What is the matter with her?" he demanded of Percy Levant as imperiously as his weak voice would let him.

"Miss Marlowe is not strong, and the heat of the room—come, Doris," he broke off more gently, and he drew her hand through his arm.

She was going with a glance—a glance of reproach—at the thin, wrinkled face, then her heart seemed to yearn, and she touched the wasted hand stretched out to her.

"Heaven forgive you, my lord!" she murmured with infinite sadness; and allowed Percy Levant to lead her away.

The marquis almost rose in his alarm and anxiety.

"Where are you going? What have I said? Come back——" Then he fell on his side gasping for breath, and the terrified valet sprang to the bell and sent for the doctor.

Doris walked home in a state of mind easy enough to imagine but very difficult to describe. Imagine the emotion of a tender hearted woman who for many weary months has deemed the man she loved with all her pure, ardent nature false, and then suddenly discovering that she has misjudged and wrongfully condemned him!

The sudden shock of joy that ran through her almost seemed to deprive her of her senses, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could refrain from crying aloud, "Oh, my love, my love! forgive me, forgive me!" and if she did not say it aloud the prayer rose from her heart. The cruel letter, which she read and re-read daily in the hope that its perusal would crush out her love for him, was false!

A fiend in the form of a man had betrayed them both, and Cecil was true! He had loved her, loved her, Doris, until he had received the letter which she had given to Spenser Churchill, had loved her and deemed her as false as she had thought him!

For a time her mind failed to realise the web and woof of the plot which the philanthropist had woven with such devilish cunning; but though she did not know all the threads and lines of the scheme, she gradually began to understand how completely she and Cecil had been deceived. But why? What was the motive? She put the question away from her, and returned to the delicious thought that, after all, he Cecil, had not deserted her; that the wicked letter was a forgery; and that her faith in him was restored to her.

And Percy Levant watched by her side, tenderly supporting her trembling in silence. Love bestows a keen insight into the feelings of the one beloved, and he knew all that was passing through her mind, and read it as one reads a printed book, and—he kept silence.

They reached the villa, and he led her into the hall.

"Go up to your room and rest," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she said, with a little start, as if she had forgotten his presence. "Yes, I—I am tired, very, very tired!" and she pressed her hand over her heart.

"Rest," he repeated. "I shall remain in the house in case you should want me," and he dropped her hand, and strolling into the drawing room, walked to the window, and looked out with the face of a man who has received sentence of death, and to whom all mundane matters can be of no consequence whatsoever.

Doris went upstairs to her own room slowly, and sank into a chair.

"Cecil was true! Cecil was true! Cecil loved her——" she repeated to herself a hundred times, then suddenly she started, for on a chair opposite her, she caught sight of her wedding dress!

It was as if a ghost had suddenly risen to dispel her newly recovered joy and happiness with a word, a breath.

Cecil had been true, yes, but he was engaged to Lady Grace, and she, Doris, was within a few days of her marriage with Percy Levant.

The sudden revulsion of feeling sent the blood from her cheeks, and made her blind and dizzy, and she stretched out her hands as if to push some terrible phantom from her.

She sat for full a minute; then her brain cleared, and she saw the situation distinctly and plainly.

She had regained her faith in her lover, but—it was too late to save her! After all, Spenser Churchill had effected his purpose, whatever it was, for Lord Cecil Neville was almost wedded to Lady Grace, and she——! She uttered a cry, almost a sob, as she thought of the man who was waiting for her downstairs.

If Lord Cecil had loved her, so had Percy Levant, and with a love as strong and as true! Could she desert him? If so, then she would prove herself as false as she had deemed Cecil Neville, who could be nothing to her now, for was he not to marry Lady Grace? He had forgotten her, Doris, by this time, and even if he had not, her word was pledged to the other man who loved her so devotedly! What should she do? She fell on her knees and hid her face in her hands, and in that attitude of despairing supplication remained for half-an-hour.

Then she rose and, bathing her burning eyes, went slowly downstairs. He was there standing at the window, and he came to meet her with a haggard face, which told of the agony the intense suffering of waiting had cost him.

"Are you—are you rested?" he said in a low voice, and he took her hand and led her to a couch. "I waited because I thought you would like to say 'good-bye.'"

She just raised her heavy lids, then clasped her hands in her lap and waited for him to go on.

"I am going: of course you know that. My love for you has not yet robbed me of all manliness, Doris, and—I am going. This discovery you made this afternoon was half suspected by me. The eyes of a man who loves are keen in all matters pertaining to the woman he loves, and from certain signs I suspected that Lord Cecil Neville was bound up in your past life; but it was suspicion only. The marquis's innocent exposure has turned it into certainty. And so—I have waited to bid you good bye."

She sat perfectly motionless for a moment, then she looked up at him with a piteous entreaty.

"What shall I say?" she murmured.

"Say nothing," he replied huskily. "I give you your freedom, Miss Marlowe. Knowing, as I do, how cruelly you have been deceived—you and Lord Cecil," he put in, as if the speaking of his name were difficult to him, "there is no other course open to me. I love you—ah, yes!—you know that; but my very love for you pleads for you against myself! And so I give you back all your pledges, and say simply, 'good-bye!'"

He held out his hand, eyeing her keenly and sorrowfully. But she did not place her burning hand in his; instead, she shook her head slowly.

"Stay," she murmured almost inaudibly, and her pale face grew crimson for a second.

He leant upon the couch and bent over her trembling and white as death.

"You say 'Stay!'" he breathed; "think—think what the word means to me, Doris!"

"I—I have thought!" she breathed.

"It means—ah, you cannot imagine all it means to me! Will you repeat it?"

"Yes," she said in as low a voice as before.

He took her hand and held it in his.

"And will you tell me that—that you do not love Lord Cecil, that you can forget him?"

She turned her face away.

"Don't—don't drive me to hard!" she murmured piteously.

His face grew wan and haggard again.

"I—I understand," he said. "Yes, I understand—and I must be content."

He let her hand fall and walked to the window, turning his back to her; then he returned, and kneeling beside her, said in a low voice,—

"Doris, I asked you to trust me. I ask it still. Remember that no man, not even Lord Cecil"—with a touch of bitterness—"could love you more dearly than I love you; and—trust me."

"Yes, I trust you! I have always done so," she said, almost inaudibly.

"We are to be married on the sixteenth," he said musingly. "Everybody is ready, Doris."

She inclined her head.

"We will be married on the sixteenth!" he said almost solemnly. He raised her hand to his lips. "Don't look so scared, Doris," he said, with a curious smile; "I—I am a better man than you think me!" and, dropping her hand, he left the room.

Doris had burnt her boats: there was no returning across the river. She had pledged herself now irrevocably.

The next morning at breakfast the marquis's valet called to inquire after Miss Marlowe.

"His lordship has been in a terrible state, miss," he said gravely. "He was afraid that something he had said had offended or alarmed you, and although he was put at a loss to remember what it was, the idea distressed him very much, and seems to be preying on his mind. He was very ill, indeed, last night, quite wandering, so to speak, and the doctor did not leave him for a moment."

"Please tell the marquis that I—I have forgiven all that he said, that I know he was not aware there was anything to offend me in—in the incident he related," said Doris painfully. "Yes, tell him that whatever it was I forgive it freely."

"Thank you, miss," said the valet, with a look of relief. "His lordship will be very glad to get the message. Begging your pardon, miss, but his lordship seems, if I may be so bold, to be wrapped up in you. He was talking about her ladyship, the marchioness, last night, her ladyship and the little girl, and he kept repeating your name as if you reminded him of her."

Doris sighed. Percy Levant stood gravely regarding the table-cloth, saying not a word.

"I suppose you have sent for Lord Cecil, as the marquis is so much worse?" said Lady Despard.

The valet shrugged his shoulders.

"I certainly intended doing so as soon as the telegraph office was open this morning, my lady; but directly the marquis became conscious he distinctly forbade me doing so. Of course, I should not disobey him while he was sensible and there was no immediate danger. The marquis demands implicit obedience from his household, my lady."

"Perhaps Miss Marlowe will be able to call and see him this morning," said Lady Despard, glancing enquiringly at Doris; but Doris grew pale and shook her head.

"Not to-day," she said in a low voice and almost pleadingly. "To morrow—perhaps."

The valet bowed.

"Thank you, miss," he said gratefully, and as he withdrew he added respectfully, "a sight of you will do him more good than all the doctors in Italy, I am sure, miss."

If Doris had promised to pay the sick man a visit she could not have done so, for Percy Levant, without consulting either of the ladies, ordered the phaeton and pair and calmly requested them to get their things on.

"I am going to take you ladies for a long drive," he said, with that air of resolution which all women admire in a man. "You, Doris, because you need it for your health's sake, and you, Lady Despard, because you are in danger of becoming a monomaniac."

"Oh, indeed!" retorted Lady Despard languidly; "and what's my mania, pray?"

"Wedding millinery," he replied, pointing to the confused mass of lace and muslin amidst which Lady Despard seemed to exist.

"Well, there's some truth in that," she said with a smile; "and any way, I suppose we shall have to go, eh, Doris? And this is the man whom we thought all milk and honey, so meek and docile as scarcely to have a will of his own!" she added, pouting. "You see what you have done, my dear; you have completely spoiled him by being foolish enough to promise to marry him!"

She went for the drive, Percy Levant taking the reins and Doris seated beside him, and in after years she remembered, with a singular vividness, every incident of the day, almost every word he spoke. Never had he been in lighter humor, or in better form; and if his object was to drive, for the time at least, all remembrance of the marquis and his story of Spenser Churchill's villainy from her mind, he almost succeeded, and as the hours sped by, the exquisite scenery, the keen, fresh air, and the unflagging wit and humor of her companion brought the color to Doris's pale cheeks, and drove the lines of care and trouble from her brow.

And through it all he permitted no sign of his own suffering to become visible. The handsome face was serenely cheerful, the pliant lips wore a settled smile, causing Lady Despard to look at him once, and exclaim, with a sigh—

"I wish you could sell me that butterfly nature and disposition of yours, Percy. I would give you more than half my kingdom."

"Would you?" he said turning on the box and glancing at Doris as he did so. "Would you?" and a curious expression flashed across his face for a moment. "I'm afraid you would be like the man who thought he was doing a clever thing in buying a sovereign for nineteen shillings and sixpence until he tried to change the coin and discovered that it was—a counterfeit!"

They went to a country inn, at which he had ordered dinner by a servant sent on before, and Lady Despard was enchanted by the dainty simplicity of the menu and the manner in which he played the host, and when he strolled off to smoke his cigar and leave them to trifle with the grapes and the ripe figs which nestled in the centre of a huge repousse dish of such flowers as only Italy can produce, Lady Despard patted Doris on the cheek, causing her to start from a reverie, and said—

"Yes, my dear, I will say it again: you have done very well! He will be simply a treasure of a husband. I assure you I don't know another man in all my extensive list of friends and acquaintances who could have behaved so perfectly. Fancy taking two women out for the day, keeping them amused every minute, and then giving them all the nice things women love, not ugly chops and steaks, but all these delicate things for dinner. And he'll be just as fresh and bright all the way home, of course! Yes, I must repeat it, my dear. I think you have made an excellent choice, and if I hadn't registered a vow never to marry again, why—oh, there's time to cut you out yet if I tried very hard, so don't look so exasperatingly self-confident! And now the best thing you can do," she went on as Doris smiled and sighed, "is to go and find him and repay him for all his trouble with one of those sweet little speeches of yours, and several of those upward glances of those blue eyes which seem so innocent and commonplace, and yet, as I have been told, drive poor men to thoughts of suicide. Go and find him, my dear; he hasn't gone far, and is, of course, waiting for you to join him. I shall be quite happy and content for an hour, I assure you. Come back when the moon is up above those trees, and then we will start."

"Which means that you want to go to sleep," said Doris, smiling as she rose.

"Quite right, dear," assented Lady Despard serenely. "I want to go to sleep for a few minutes, and dream that I, too, have got a handsome young man who is fortunately poor enough to have to work for me, and who worships the ground I tread on. Go and find him, and—be good to him, for he deserves it!"

Doris went slowly in the direction Percy Levant had taken, but she did not see him, and presently, losing herself in her thoughts, she wandered across the lawn which stretched between the inn and the high road, and, leaning against the low wall, gave herself to brooding over the confession which the marquis had made—if confession it could be called!

Presently she was startled by the sound of wheels coming down the steep road to her right, and a few minutes afterwards she saw a travelling carriage pull up at the door of the inn, amidst a great bustle and confusion, the stamping of horses' hoofs, the clink of changing harness, and the shouting of outriders.

Then she heard voices asking and answering questions, and amongst them the landlord's suave tones, begging someone—the travellers presumably—to enter and rest themselves while the horses were fed.

Doris listened in an absent kind of fashion, in which the noises and voices came to her like those in a dream, until, suddenly looking up, she saw the moon had risen above the tree tops, and she turned to go back to the arbor in which Lady Despard was doubtless sleeping the sleep of the just.

As she did so, she heard a slow step at her side, and glancing in its direction, saw a tall figure coming towards her with a slow and listless step.

She was drawing back into the shadow of the shrubs to let him pass without seeing her, when suddenly the moon sailed from behind a cloud, and poured its light full on his face, and she saw that it was Lord Cecil Neville!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALAMANDER.—Considerable ignorance exists, among even persons of education, as to the habits of the salamander. The mere mention of this harmless little batrachian recalls to the minds of most people mystic ideas with respect to fire-eating and fire-inhaling creatures, which have probably caused many of the poor little brutes to be burnt by experimental philosophers, who should have been far above a belief in such absurdities. The spotted salamander is lampblack, with numerous large yellow spots and stripes, and is very common all over Southern Europe as well as in Northern Africa. It haunts all manner of dark and cool places, such as cavities under logs of wood, and holes in old walls, where they can find a supply of insects, worms, or slugs. All the salamander's movements are performed with such absurd solemnity that the most hardened reptile hater could not be uninterested. Sometimes the operation of swallowing a large worm will last twenty minutes.

TOOTHACHE.—A writer in the Lancet gives the following cure for toothache:—Some time ago he tried the application of a small piece, about the size of a pin-head, of stick caustic (nitrite of silver) in the hollow of a decayed tooth, from which he was suffering extreme pain.

To his great surprise the pain instantly ceased on the caustic touching the nerve, and he had not a return of the toothache for twenty-four hours, when he again applied the caustic, and again got immediate relief, which continued for other twenty-four hours.

He had occasion to make a third application of the caustic; but since that time, now some months ago, he has not been troubled with toothache. This cure will be found ineffectual if gumboils accompany the toothache, for in that case the decayed part of the tooth is on the outside of it, and therefore the application of the caustic to the interior of the tooth can do no good.

Bric-a-Brac.

BROWN STUDY.—The meaning of "brown study" is given as "a gloomy reverie." Brown is a dark color, being derived from the Saxon word brun, meaning burned, and the adjective was given to the state of mind either because of its supposed dark and brooding nature, or, more probably, because of the shadowed aspect of the countenance while one is in a "brown study."

THE DEVIL'S BITE.—The Devil's-bite is the name given by the Arabs to a plant peculiar to the Holy Land. It is a species of the Scabious, the root of which has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out. The superstitious account for this peculiarity by saying that the devil was resentful because the root was useful as a medicine for man, and in his spite bit a mouthful from it, to spoil the root.

BAREHEADED.—The Mingrelians of the Caucasus have the extraordinary custom of going bareheaded one day in the week—on Saturday, that is, or, as they term it, the "Shabbat." This they do in honor of the Sabbath, though they make no other distinction between it and any other day of the week, working and living as usual. But, wet or dry, rain or snow, none ever go abroad on Saturday save with uncovered head.

TIME OF THINKING.—The time of thinking has been estimated, with some interesting results: it takes about one-tenth second to see a color, one-seventh second to see a word. It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind the county in which a well-known town is situated; one-half second to say which of two eminent men is thought to be the greater. Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakspeare wrote "Hamlet."

TEETH AND TOES.—"Soon teeth, soon toes," is the adage, both in this country and in Sweden. If a tooth comes first in the upper jaw, it is an omen of early death, as the child cannot survive so potent a disaster. An old work published in 1633, tells us that to lose a tooth or an eye is also to lose some friend or kinsman, or is, at least, attended by some ill luck. He who has teeth wide apart is there said to be attended by good luck. Breton mothers will not touch infants' gums, lest the teeth grow crooked. To dream of teeth was a warning of some disaster, unless you dreamed they fell out.

PARENTAL CARE.—An extraordinary case of parental care is recorded by a correspondent. He tells of having discovered in the corner of a park a quail's nest, from which the old bird would always fly away upon his approach, this bird being invariably the male. There were in the nest twelve eggs, and in due time they were hatched. The female bird was never seen either by the narrator of the story or by any of his men, who were on the spot every day; so that the presumption is that the female was killed soon after the eggs were laid, and that her mate thence-forward took charge of the nest and hatched out the young ones.

THE TABLE-FORK.—It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perhaps with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit as dessert. But long after her time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belongs to the same nobleman whose hour-glass salt has often been spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. Before the days of forks the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared were much in request after every course, whereas, now, the basin alone, with a little rose-water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity.

THE BURMAN.—The Burman of India is a rather peculiar feeder, not being very nice in his selection or preparation of food. He is forbidden by his religion to shed the blood of any animal for food purposes alone, although he may and does catch fish, and eats them. His conscience finds a salve in the fact that after the fish are caught they are left to die; he will not bleed them, although he may often give them a sly knock on the head to accelerate their decease. He may keep cattle, dogs, chickens, etc., and, being of a kind and humane disposition, he feeds them well, keeping them in good condition, but he does not do so to replenish his larder. He uses the milk of the cows, often of the tame long-horned buffalo, or of goats, for his family or for sale; he will also eat the eggs of fowls.

THE TALISMAN.

BY LUCY JACKSON.

Drear are the shadows falling swiftly o'er me,
Loud are the threat'ning voices in mine ear;
Adown the gloomy vista stretched before me
Sorrow's encircling cloud lies far and near;
Yet in my heart is brightest, sweetest sunlight,
Since, love, to thee I know that I am dear!

They tell me love is faithless—love is waning;
They say with scornful smile, Thou wilt forget;
And, tho' I hear with silent uncomplaining,
My heart beats fondly and my eyes are wet,
And soft I whisper in the Summer gloaming,
Thou lovest me—there can be no regret!

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LUCILLE MAITLAND had spent the most wretched and uncomfortable evening that it had ever been her lot to live through. When she had realized fully that the last special train was gone beyond recall, and that she would have to wait until midnight before she could get away from Uxerton, she had been at first like one distracted.

She had wept tears of rage and mortification, had wrung her hands and bemoaned her fate, and she had, moreover, reproached and upbraided Laurie in violent measured terms for bringing her into such a position.

Laurie had, with infinite wisdom and forbearance, refrained from the very obvious retorts which he might very properly have uttered.

After the one word of reproach which he had addressed to her in the fly, he held his tongue, and simply set to work to make the best of a bad business.

The evening was raw and chilly, and the fire in the waiting-room had nearly gone out. Laurie proceeded to hunt up a porter, and induce him to rebuild the dying embers into a very cheerful blaze for his companion.

Then, having installed Miss Maitland in the most comfortable chair in the bare little room and wrapped his own great-coat carefully about her knees, he went away to forage for some food for her.

There was no refreshment-room in the little wayside station, and the nearest public-house was half a mile off, and was of the most primitive description.

After what seemed to her to be an absence of hours—although really it was little more than half an hour—he returned accompanied by a rough man in the clothes of a laborer.

Between them they brought a loaf and some butter, a jug of ale, and a dish of ham and eggs. But the latter had got stone-cold in the transit, and Lucille shuddered at the sight of the homely dish, and pushed it petulantly aside.

She nibbled at a crust of dry bread, just tasted the butter and pronounced it to be rancid, and declared she would rather perish with thirst than drink beer out of a village public-house.

Altogether Laurie had a very bad time of it; and, seeing what her temper was and how useless it was to seek to pacify her, he wisely betook himself out of the waiting-room, and walked up and down the platform with a pipe until the time for the midnight train to appear drew near.

So Lucille sat alone in her wretchedness. Yet, as she sat, a little hope came back to her. After all, Sir Adrian was in Scotland, and need never know of her escapade.

She would indeed be forced to confess the truth to her aunt, who would no doubt be sitting up for her in a state of cruel anxiety; but then she had great faith in her aunt's affection, and felt certain that she would be able to prevail upon her to keep the matter a secret.

Then Colonel Hepburn came back to her recollection, and she shivered a little. How was Colonel Hepburn to be persuaded to hold his peace? Perhaps Laurie might go to him and request him not to mention the fact of her having been at Uxerton Steeplechases; or, better still, she herself would send to him the next day to come and see her, and throw herself upon his generosity.

A lovely woman was gifted with great powers of persuasion; and Lucille was convinced that no man not a stone could really be insensible to the claims of beauty in distress, as represented in her own most beautiful self.

She would humble herself to the dust; she would shed a few tears; she would clasp his hands in hers; if necessary, she would kneel at his feet in a graceful attitude. The most hardened of male monsters could not surely be deaf to so fair a petitioner!

Thinking of all this, the time passed away slowly and a little comfort stole back into her soul; and, by the time the night-train dragged its weary length into the little wayside station, a marked improvement in her temper and her spirits had taken place.

Laurie too had been meditating profoundly during the solitary hours of his perambulations with his pipe; and, when they found themselves alone together in a first-class carriage, he proceeded in a kind and serious fashion to give her the upshot of his meditations.

"Lucille, my dear," he said to her, taking her hand as she sat opposite to him, "I sadly fear that this day's foolish expedition of ours will lead to the breaking off of your engagement to Sir Adrian."

"For 'fear' read 'hope!'" she answered, with a little scornful laugh. "Oh, don't flatter yourself, my dear Laurie. I am not going to throw up the game so easily! We must tell Lady Elwyn, and we must square Colonel Hepburn. If I can arrange matters successfully with these two people, nobody else need ever know, and my engagement will certainly not be broken off."

"I hope it may be right, as you wish it so," he replied, with a sigh; "but it is as well, is it not, to face the other alternative? In the event of—of things turning out differently, I want you to understand how ready I shall be to marry you."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently; but he continued his speech regardless of her irritation.

"You have not behaved well to me, Lucille; you have played fast and loose with me, and have led me a miserable life at times. But I have always made every excuse for you, knowing how the worldly and ambitious part of your nature has been set upon this marriage. I know well however that your best self is mine, and that, in spite of everything, you love me. Is it not so?"

"I am very fond of you, Laurie," she admitted, softened a little by his tenderness and generosity.

"Very well then; promise—promise to marry me if Deverell and you fall out! Surely it is a very humble request! We have done very wrong, you and I. I perhaps am most to blame because I have tempted you to deceive Sir Adrian; but, at any rate, I love you—I worship you, in fact; and I feel sure that, though you would be a richer woman with him, you would be a happier woman with me."

She reflected a little before she answered. Such a promise did not commit her to much, because she never intended that things should come to such a pass that she would be forced to keep it.

Any humiliation, any subterfuge, any untruth, sooner than lose Deverell Hall and the Deverell diamonds!

But poor Laurie! Well, he was fond of her certainly, and she liked him better than she liked anybody else. Adrian had been very "nasty" about him; and, oh, how she hated him for interfering with her in that one particular! And how she would punish him for it by-and-by!

Well—yes, she was fond of Laurie, and she might as well keep him quiet and happy by making him a promise which it was a hundred to one if she would ever be called upon to fulfill.

He watched her anxiously and earnestly, with a pain at his heart of which she was certainly unworthy.

For Laurie was like a faithful dog in his love; not all Lucille's lack of principle and truth, not all her caprices and her violent temper, nor yet her heartlessness and her imperious treatment of himself, could alter his opinion that she was the one woman on earth whom he adored; neither could he for one moment become insensible to her splendid and queen-like beauty.

His nature was not sufficiently refined and pure to recoil, as did Adrian, from the unlovely soul which lay beneath so fair an exterior.

Laurie was dazzled by her loveliness, and utterly blind to those blacker things which to a more discerning and high-principled man were as clear as daylight. After what seemed to him a very long time, she answered him.

"Very well, Laurie; I don't mind promising to marry you if Adrian finds it all out; for I believe he would not forgive me if he did; and, although I do not for a moment anticipate such a catastrophe, yet, if the worst does happen, it may, owing to the unlucky missing of our train, be about the only thing left for me to do to marry you."

After that, being utterly worn out both in mind and body, and exceedingly hungry and cold in addition, Miss Maitland settled herself comfortably in the farther corner of the carriage and fell into an uneasy slumber, until the lights of London awoke her into sudden consciousness again.

As the train glided slowly into Euston Station, the few sleepy passengers could see that the platform was empty and deserted: only a porter or two lounged forward aimlessly, whilst a very limited number of cabs in the background awaited in a sort of dejected resignation the uncertain chance of a possible fare at such an hour in the morning.

At the first glance this seemed to be all. Then suddenly out of the misty gloom of the great empty station two figures stepped forth all at once into the light—two men who had been standing, silent, erect, and expectant side by side.

Laurence Doyle, standing up to let down the window, caught sight of the nearest face as the white glare of the electric light fell upon it.

"Good heavens, there is Hepburn!" he cried.

"What!" cried Lucille.

And she made one wild spring to his side.

The porter flung open the door, and both together saw at the same moment not only Colonel Hepburn, but Sir Adrian Deverell, who was standing pale and immovable by his side. In another second the four stood face to face upon the platform.

There was a moment of terrible silence. Lucille shrank back as if she feared that Adrian would strike her; Laurie, smitten with a guilty shame, seemed incapable of raising his eyes. Then, in clear, cold, incisive tones, Sir Adrian broke the horrible silence.

"Am I to understand from what I see, Mr. Doyle, that you have been kind enough to be Miss Maitland's sole escort to Uxerton to-day?"

Laurie burst forth into incoherent excuses; his sense of honor was small, but it was enough to make him anxious to screen the woman he loved.

"It has been dreadfully unfortunate! We missed the special train; we ought to have been back hours ago. It was entirely my fault, Sir Adrian! Miss Maitland is in no way to blame. I assure you that I am deeply distressed!"

Deverell cut him short with a wave of the hand.

"Enough, Mr. Doyle! I have asked you only one question, to which I demand an answer. Did you or did you not take Miss Maitland alone to Uxerton to day?"

The wretched Laurie framed an inarticulate "Yes." Lucille sprang forward and caught at Adrian's arm.

"Adrian dear, do hear me—do not be so angry! I can explain all, if you will only listen!"

"Whilst you invent a tissue of falsehoods, Miss Maitland? No, thank you—I would rather not hear them."

"But, Adrian, you must hear me!" she cried despairingly. "Colonel Hepburn, stand my friend, I entreat you! Make him listen to me and forgive me!"

Deverell turned upon her a face so stern and hard and angry that she quailed and recoiled from before it.

"You know," he said, "that after what you swore to me, after the oath which you have broken, I will never forgive you!"

Lucille covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"As to you, Mr. Laurence Doyle," continued Sir Adrian, with bitter scorn, "since you have undertaken the charge of this lady during a whole day and the greater portion of the night, I will leave her in your hands. I think that you are the proper person to take her back to Lady Elwyn's house, and to offer to that lady such explanations of your conduct as may seem fit to you. And, as I shall never willingly look upon her fair false face again, and entirely decline the honor of an alliance with her, I will add one suggestion—that there is only one possible reparation you can make to her for this compromising affair, and that is an offer of marriage."

"I shall certainly endeavor to persuade Miss Maitland to become my wife!" cried Laurie, speaking as bravely as he know how and taking one of Lucille's cold hands under his arm.

"I have the honor then to wish you good night—or rather good morning!" answered Sir Adrian coldly and disdainfully; and, raising their hats gravely, the two men turned on their heel and walked away.

"Lucille, my darling, said Laurie, when he had put the girl, who was shedding bitter tears of rage and mortification, into a cab and got in beside her himself, "I swear I will make you a good husband, and try to atone to you for the trouble I have brought upon you; for you must marry me after what that man said just now!"

"Laurie, you are very good to me—far better than I deserve!" she answered through her tears. "But, oh, what an unlucky day this has been to me!"

"Not to me," he whispered tenderly, "since I have won you at last, and you must marry me now."

"Yes, I suppose I must. That wretched Hepburn would have the story all over the town if I did not; and, as Adrian said, you have certainly compromised me dreadfully; so I suppose there is nothing else left to me to do!"

And with this characteristic and ungracious surrender Laurie was forced to be content. He felt quite happy and gay; whilst Miss Maitland wept bitterly all the way back to Green Street, chiefly over the loss of the Deverell diamonds.

* * * * * * *

Kathleen was feeding her birds. The morning sunshine streamed in through the dining-room windows upon her small bent head, touching the silky brown tresses here and there with a glint of burnished gold.

The Java sparrows and little green love-birds in the big cage fluttered their wings at the approach of her gentle fingers and twittered their friendly acknowledgements of her attention.

The simple occupation soothed and interested her. She loved her feathered pets, and they began to know her well and to answer to her call.

When she put her hand into the cage, one little impudent bull-finch came and perched upon her finger, whilst a sober-tinted linnet thrust himself confidingly amongst the snowy frills at her wrist.

At her feet her little terrier nestled against her skirts; and presently a fluffy kitten jumped from a neighboring chair right up on to her shoulder.

All living creatures loved Kathleen and were at home with her, and she made a charming picture standing thus in the morning sun surrounded by her pets.

The tea-urn hissed on the table behind her, and the neat parlor-maid had just brought in the toast and eggs. Kathleen was feeling a little disappointed because the morning post had brought her no letter from Sir Adrian Deverell. It was now two days since he had come in at dinner-time to seek for his missing Lucille, and he had promised to let her know if he found her, and as yet he had not written to her.

"I suppose he found her at home all right when he went back, and there was some misapprehension about her having come here; and then, as all ended well, he forgot to let me know," she thought, with a little sigh to herself.

At that moment Mary Hale entered the room, carrying an open letter in her hand, and her face bore such evident traces of perturbation that Kathleen at once exclaimed—

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? I trust you have not had bad news! Or is it good news, Mary—for you don't look altogether unhappy now I come to look close at you!"

"Oh, Kathleen—this letter! I really do not know what to say! Pray read it!"

Kathleen took it from her hand. It was from Doctor Blakely, and was a proposal of marriage.

"Well, my dear, I don't see anything wonderful in this," she said, kissing her. "I have been expecting it for some days. Let me to congratulate you heartily!"

"Oh, Kathleen, I cannot leave you! I will not marry him! It would be ungrateful of me when you have been so good to me!"

"My dear Mary, do you suppose I am so selfish as to wish to keep you from your happiness? No, no, dear! You love the Doctor dearly, I know; and I believe he is worthy of you, and I am truly rejoiced that he has asked you to be his own dear wife."

"But you, Kathleen—what will you do when I go away?"

Kathleen laughed merrily. No one knew better than herself how terribly she would feel the loss of Mary, and how lonely her life would be without her; but she was too unselfish to let her friend perceive this.

"I shall get on capitally, no doubt, my dear!" she cried.

And then they sat down to breakfast.

All through the meal she talked gaily to Mary about her prospects; and, although her heart sank very sadly within her, she threw herself with positive enthusiasm in-

to her friend's little love-story and its happy ending.

After breakfast, Mary, with bright eyes and a fast-beating heart, went away to answer her lover's letter.

Then Kathleen was left alone to her own thoughts. Mary, whom she had learnt to love and trust, was to be taken from her. What was she to do with her solitary life, or whither was she to turn to find another friend who could fill her place?

Kathleen felt that to replace such a woman as Mary Hale would be indeed impossible.

Some idea of entering a sisterhood and devoting herself to good works, or of becoming a hospital-nurse and tending the sick, came into her head as she sat in her pretty drawing-room alone by the fire whilst Mary was up-stairs writing her love-letter.

With all her money, she might surely do some good in the world—found a school for orphan-girls, or build a church, or reclaim and educate homeless street-waifs, or—

"Sir Adrian Devereill" said the maid, flinging open the door in the very midst of her meditations.

She sprang to her feet; at the unexpected announcement a vivid flush covered her sweet face with a momentary confusion, fading again, as suddenly as it had arisen, into her habitual delicate pallor.

Adrian came in quickly with a brisk and buoyant step, as one who was the bearer of good news. He threw a rapid glance around the room, as though to be sure that she was alone; then, in a couple of strides, he was by her side and had taken both her hands in his.

There was something strange and unusual in his aspect, a brilliancy in his eyes, a smile upon his lips, an absolute radiance which illumined his whole face, which filled her with astonishment and with an unknown excitement even while it made her tremble.

Not a word did he speak in answer to her troubled and questioning looks; but, when he was close to her, he took her slender figure suddenly between his outstretched arms, and gathered her closely to his heart, murmuring over and over again the sweetest of all the love-words that were ever coined in the English language

"My darling—my darling!"

Bewildered and half frightened, she struggled a little to free herself from his encircling arms; but he would not let her go.

"My darling," he said once more, "let me hold you to my heart—let me kiss your sweet face! Give me the right for ever to hold you fast, and to shelter you from the storms of life! For I am free, my love—free to love you—free to win you—free to ask you to be my own dear wife for ever! Look up, my love, and let me see your dear eyes! Do you understand, Kathleen, that I am free—free—that my engagement to Lucille Maitland is at an end—that I have broken from those hated bonds for ever, and that I am half wild with happiness and with joy? Kathleen raise your eyes to mine and tell me that you will be my wife!"

And then, with a great glow of a strange and as yet uncomprehended joy in her heart and in her radiant face, Kathleen raised her glad shy eyes to his and murmured back, with a sigh of supreme content—

"I am yours for ever, Adrian, my own, my only love—through life unto death!"

[THE END.]

WHY WOMEN MARRY.—There are all sorts of motives that actuate women to marry. For this act her reasons are more numerous and unique than for any other. The best and most excusable reason is being so much in love that she feels herself unable to live without the man she cares for.

When this kind of affection assails her she might as well go and marry, says a writer in the Chicago *Herald* Marrying is the only thing that will make her a useful and rational member of society.

When a girl marries in her second season the man may be pretty sure of her whole heart. It always seems a pity for a woman to fall in love so young, though. In marrying at nineteen she gives up four or five years of perfect freedom and unhampered pleasure.

One can be married for a long time, but four or five years are all that are socially accorded to young ladyhood. These years, with their freedom and opportunities for travel and reading, are not to be scorned. They often give the strength and experience upon which is formed the success of a lifetime.

Every man and woman should belong entirely to themselves for at least four years of perfect physical and mental maturity. One should know one's strength and one's weakness before asserting the one or resisting the other against a fellow-creature.

Then in marrying a young girl a man seems to take more risk and more responsibilities than he does in marrying one between twenty and twenty-five. Between those ages a woman's social aims and worldly ambitions become decided.

I remember seeing this sadly exemplified in a man who married a pretty village girl of eighteen and took her to a city. She thought herself very much in love with him, and certainly he was a very handsome, lovable being.

In five years she developed into a society butterfly, loving nothing but herself and the flatteries of men concerning her pretty looks. It seemed a pity that this little country girl hadn't had four years of simple life in which to develop her tastes.

Too Late.

BY M. MACFARLANE.

THE LONDON SEASON was at its height, and Hyde Park crowded, when one afternoon, carriages parted in affright, to make way for a pair of runaway horses.

For a while, down the long bare avenue fringed upon either side with vehicles hustled together, whose occupants cast startled glances to right and left, the frenzied animals rushed headlong, dragging after them a dainty little Victoria, in which sat a woman.

The men servants upon the box kept their seats well, and seemed likely to regain power over the excited beasts they strove so assiduously to control.

The lady too, exhibited a wonderous nerve; she did not attempt to escape from her carriage, but quietly slipping from her rather elevated seat to the floor of the vehicle, crouched there as still as a mouse.

Just as the issue of this reckless drive appeared disposed to turn favorably, just as the panting horses began to answer to the reins, an untoward episode happened.

From a side road a shady-looking, unobtrusive barouche, one of those hired shandrydans in which suburban residents love occasionally to drive to London, "as a great treat," and to mix with the fashionables in Hyde Park, advanced straight across the path of the runaways.

Instantly they swerved sharp to the right, catching with one wheel as they did so, a wheel of the shandrydan.

Yet this check seemed to serve only as a spur to their movements; not a second did they tarry, but with one wheel entirely taken off, went bump, bump, bumping on, leaving the footman, who had been thrown heavily to the ground, lying senseless in the road.

The number of words that go to describe this scene represent the number of minutes occupied in its occurence over and over again.

Policemen and bystanders, rushing forward in a vain attempt to stop the horses, shouted to the silent woman on the floor of the carriage not to move for God's sake,

Nor did she. Not as much as an inch did she stir, not a finger did she raise. Her white face was perfectly calm, her darkly fringed eyelids were closed, and nestling there in the midst of the lovely white and black silk and lace of the dainty dress she wore, she looked as if asleep.

But the dreadful drive was to end. Suddenly the coachman fainted and dropped from his box, the horses dashed against a lamp-post, the carriage overturned, and when they extricated the unfortunate lady from the debris, they thought that she was dead.

They took her and the two other sufferers to St. George's Hospital hard by, and there it was discovered that though the men were only shaken, the lady had sustained internal injuries, recovery from which was extremely problematical.

Her relations, said the surgeon who attended her, should be communicated with at once. The men, questioned, made reply that as far as they knew, their mistress had no relatives in London.

She had arrived only the day before from New York, and was residing in a house in Park Lane, with a retinue of perfectly new domestics, so that there was nothing to do but wait.

At four o'clock in the morning following, the Right Honorable Cecil Carlyon sat in his luxurious study in Grosvenor Place, alone.

There had been a hot debate in the House that night, on the subject of the marriage laws, and Cecil Carlyon had taken part in it with even more than ordinary enthusiasm.

The soft pearly light of a new day suffused the apartment in which he sat, in which he had sat since his return an hour before, in deep thought.

Outside in the garden a fountain plashed musically, and by degrees the outlines of garden chairs, trees and shrubs, became clear to him as he mused within.

By degrees too, the deep silence of the night, broken only now and then by the distant murmur of cabs and carriages pursuing their way up the roads and streets, gave place to the chirping of birds, the crowing of cocks, and other homely sounds which even the heart of London hears at such times.

Once he rose, and, walking to the window, threw the long French sashes aside, and stood upon the steps leading to the garden beneath.

"It is long ago," he murmured to himself, pushing away from his forehead the heavy dark hair, in which grey was beginning to mingle, and speaking aloud in the way that one does so often after silent meditation, "long ago, and yet it comes back to me to me to night with all the freshness it ever had. What else could I expect, though, after such a debate?"

He took his chair once more, and once more gave himself up to thoughts of the past.

Of a fair woman, whom, travelling he had met in the days when he was a young man, full of the immense faith in the future, of the joyousness and buoyancy of youth, characteristic of men who are someday to make their mark in the world.

Of the love they had had for one another; the love they neither could have hidden had they striven ever so much, for before they had even spoken, each one had known that love was there, and for ever. Of his finding that she was the wife of a man who at that time was suffering the punishment of penal servitude of long duration for forgery and embezzlement of trust funds.

Of his passionate appeal to her to fly with him to some country, where, if freedom could not be procured for her, he and she could live together a life of love and happiness. Of her tearful refusal, their parting, his adoption of diplomatic work, his marvellous success.

He thought of her to-night because he knew she had been right. He knew that he in kicking so impetuously, so madly against the pricks, had done her the greatest wrong he could have done.

He knew that the day they parted from one another, never, as it happened, to meet again, she had been not cruel, not cold, not heartless, as he had told himself then she must be—for how else could she have withstood him?—but a heroine—just simply that, a heroine. Twenty years ago it all happened.

With something like amaze he thought of the tremendous energy with which, after parting with her, he had plunged into work.

Work had treated him, he was wont to tell himself, more kindly than had ever love.

Thus he mused, never stirring from his chair, but thinking ever, and solely, of his first, his only love.

Until at six o'clock a ringing peal disturbed the silence of the house, and his valet appeared with a note which had, he said, just been delivered and was marked "urgent."

Carlyon opened the missive and read it. It was dated from St. George's Hospital, and ran as follows:

"The House-surgeon presents his compliments to the Right Hon. Cecil Carlyon, and begs to state that Mrs. Sargent, who was seriously injured by a carriage accident in Hyde Park yesterday afternoon, is lying here and is not expected to live many hours. Mr. Carlyon may, if he wish, visit the hospital immediately upon receipt of this note."

Ten minutes later he was standing by the bedside of his old love.

She lay quite motionless, but conscious, her lustrous eyes open, no color in her pallid cheeks and lips, her head bound with ice cloths, her dark hair streaming over her shoulders.

When she spoke to him her voice was very low and weak.

"Cecil," she said, 'do you remember that this was my dearest wish? I have prayed often that when I died you might be with me. It seemed unlikely—our lives were so far apart. But it has come, and I am thankful.'

They were alone; the nurse who had attended upon her had withdrawn. Around the bed, the screen, the fatal screen betokening a wealth of suffering, perchance death, within its boundary, had been arranged, so that no other patient might look upon the last sad hour of this dying woman.

Cecil Carlyon knelt beside the bed that he might catch her faltering accents.

His face, too, was ashen white, yet he felt this scene in no wise a shock to him. She had been so near to him in his thoughts that night that their meeting seemed only a natural sequel of what had gone before.

"My love," he said, 'my only love,' and these were all the words he had.

It was left to the dying woman to tell him whatsoever there was to tell.

"Horace is dead," she murmured. (Horace had been her husband.) "He died last month where he was, in prison. I came over to England and took a house in Park Lane. On the afternoon that this happened I was on my way to tell you. I felt that to tell you would be better than to write. And I wanted to ask you whether you had been happy, and to say to you that all the years that you and I were parted I had lived only for this—to see you again."

He was weeping now. Her plaintive words, the contrast between her long life of patient endurance, buoyed up by that looking forward to a meeting; the contrast between this and the meeting as it was, touched him too keenly. Great sobs shook his frame. But she was calm still.

"I cannot raise my arms," she said, 'but you must put yours around me, Cecil. It is the last time, and I am dying, and there is no wrong now.'

So as gently as he could he put his arms around her; and pillowed on his breast she lay inert, as quiet, as tranquil, as an infant in its mother's embrace.

"Oh, my love, my love! my heart's delight, my best, my most precious treasure!" Thus he crooned to her, as if she were his bride and he her happy husband.

Until she, with the slightest movement, raised her face, and he bent down to her, so that their lips met in the saddest of all sad kisses—and ah, how many piteous ones there are!—the last kiss of all.

Her strength was ebbing fast. All that she had had, she had given in speaking to him, and now there remained no more at all.

When the nurse came back she looked at her patient and whispered to Carlyon that it would be quiet. He did not ask, but he knew well that it meant the destroying angel who even at that instant was hovering, as so often he had to hover, over the great hospital wherein they were, ready to take her away.

So there he stayed, with her clasped in his arms.

Until at length they came and unclasped her hands from his (they were very, very cold) and told him, gently but firmly, that all was over, that Mrs. Sargent was dead.

For an instant they withdrew.

Then Cecil Carlyon knelt beside her and kissed her, and whispered to her that she was his wife.

And left her for his solitary home.

* * * * * * *

When the debate upon the marriage laws was resumed that night in the House, the Right Honorable Cecil Carlyon spake as he had never spoken before.

Had he not cause to speak, as one with authority?

For he and the dead woman had loved one another dearly and faithfully.

And her release had come, alas! too late.

QUININE AS DAILY FOOD.—Doubtless most people have at some time in their lives been obliged to take quinine. Disguise it as one will, in carpules or gelatine covers, it is a bitter dose. Think, then, of a country where it is an article in daily use, placed upon the table as regularly as the bread. Such is the case in portions of Africa. The natives do not need it, of course, because they are born to the climate, but quinine is the white man's shield from malaria.

A missionary lady who lived for many years on the west coast of Africa, told me that when perfectly well she took six grains of quinine every day in order to keep well, and that in her family of three persons they used on an average an ounce in six weeks. One can run over the table of weights, and easily see what a large number of grains an ounce contains.

MCFANGLE.—Shall you attend the Hopkins's ball to night. It will be quite a swell gathering. McFingle—Not much! I've got a swell gathering on the back of my neck.

FLOWERS.

BY MAUD E. SARGENT.

Dear children of the sunbeams,
With bright and varied hue,
Rocked in the summer breezes,
Washed by the silver dew,
Arising in your beauty
Like laughing fairy eyes,
Through sun and shade uplifting still
Your blossoms to the skies!

I love the shining petals
Of kingcups brightly sold,
The gleaming dash of crimson
of poppies gay and bold;
Each in its way is lovely,
The lily and the rose,
But which is quite the fairest
I think no mortal knows!

Sir Giles's Coffin.

BY RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

SUPERSTITION HAD been dying hard in the old-fashioned village of Pen Owen. In vain, for more than thirty years, had its popular and energetic rector exerted his utmost influence in attempts at its suppression. It flourished in spite of the conclusive arguments which he employed against it. The Rev. Evan Griffiths would reason thus with those members of his flock whose credulity in the matter of supernatural manifestations had been brought to his notice:

"You profess a faith in the actual existence of disembodied spirits and assert a consequent belief in their ability to render themselves visible or audible on certain occasions.

"I decline to accept your propositions, but even on the assumption of their accuracy, how do you account for the reappearance of the garments and other material articles which were associated with the apparitions when in the flesh? Do you believe in the possibility of the appearance of the ghost of a departed, or still existent, suit of clothes? Can a rope or a winding-sheet have a ghost? Can a noise have a ghost? No; take my word for it, never a ghost yet seen but was subjective—not objective."

But the parson's long words and indisputable conclusions had little effect on the majority of his parishioners, who still gave full credence to the very legends from which his illustrations had been taken.

They remained assured that any way farer who should at midnight happen to cross Broomie Heath—a lonely bit of moorland lying about a mile from the village—would hear such strange rushing noises as none but ghostly wings could make.

At first the listener would be conscious of a distant murmur, as of tree-tops shaken in the wind, or waves dashing on the shore. But neither wind nor water was responsible for these unearthly sounds. They were audible in the calmest night, apart from the monotonous flow of the distant river.

They were heard, clear and distinct, above the deafening noises of the wind when it swept across the moorland. They were spirit sounds. And as they drew nearer, with a supernatural velocity, the traveller crouched and shuddered at their approach.

With a rush, the being whence they emanated passed close to the listener who, with upraised hair and curdled blood, awaited its arrival.

Nothing was ever visible, and though on a dark night there seemed to be a presence almost palpable, yet when the moon shone full and bright no shadow was ever seen to cross the moor.

The existence of this phenomenon was credited by many, explained by none, and thus in the latter respect was different from the belief that on certain nights a female form clad in a winding-sheet would pass along the course of the little river that skirted the village, now gliding swiftly by the mill-race—now stooping, apparently in search of some object hidden among the rushes that fringed the banks and ever and anon raising such piteous wails as only a woman in agony and despair could utter.

There was an explanation of these mysterious movements, a pathetic legend which accounted for these sounds of woe.

It was the tale of a first-born child left by its mother, the miller's youthful wife, in the charge of a little nursemaid. A tale of a sudden mountain storm and of a rapidly rising river. A tale of an unsuccessful search for a tiny corpse, protracted night and day by agonized parents. A tale of a ruined home, of a broken-hearted widower and of a young wife lying in a shadowy corner of Pen Owen churchyard. Dead, but not at rest.

A mother's love could triumph over death, and when the mist brooded chill and white over the low-lying meadows, or when signs on the distant hills betokened a coming flood, it was believed that her shrouded form would wander up and down in hopeless quest along the river's banks.

Maintained with equal confidence was a belief in the existence of the ghost of "Bad Sir Giles," whose alleged characteristics were well calculated to excite the terror which they actually produced in the neighborhood of Pen Owen.

In the malignity of his supposed qualities and habits the ghost in question surpassed all other members of his race. It was averred that he usually made his appearance in the form of a quadruped, or, at any rate, that his normal position was on all-fours.

The first intimation that the unfortunate wanderer in the dark received of the neighborhood of the spectre was the gleam of two fiery eyes, appearing at such a level above the road as to suggest the presence of some wolf or similarly sized animal. Woe to the hapless traveller if only for a single second he withdrew his own gaze from the apparition.

If he turned his eyes from the monster for the briefest space it was upon his back at once, tearing and growling as only a wild beast or a maniac can.

The legend of the Bad Sir Giles had, from earliest childhood, exercised a powerful fascination on my mind. Not only did the existence of a spectral being, a half-man, half-beast, fulfil the very ideal of horror, but beyond this the wicked baronet had been a blood relation of my own—a maternal great-great-uncle.

Few authentic accounts of Sir Giles Howel's life were discoverable among the voluminous heap of family correspondence which had been handed down for generations, and, indeed, there was a marked absence of any information about his character and habits.

This circumstance, taken in connection with the suspicious mutilation of certain newspapers which were published during the last year of his life, seemed to lend color to the prevalent belief that my ancestor had been accused of the commission of some criminal offence.

It did not, however, appear that while alive he had adopted the horizontal position to which I have alluded, and therefore the peculiar attitude in question may have been emblematical only of brutish ferocity.

But this much was established as a fact, that Sir Giles's body had been found hanging in an old summer-house, still visible when I was a child, with every appearance of death by suicide, and that his coffin, still shrouded in the pall originally covering it, lay alone on the ground, in the centre of the extensive vault where members of the Pen Owen family had been deposited for generations.

This isolated position could scarcely have been the result of accident. An unintentional arrangement could hardly have been responsible for the fact that while every other representative of the ancient race occupied an appropriated niche in the massive walls surrounding the chamber of the dead, Sir Giles should sleep his long sleep in humble solitude on the floor of the family vault—that while "storied urns" and illuminated brasses in the chancel above proclaimed the virtues and achievements of every other holder of the title, Sir Giles' life should remain unrecorded except by his initials and the date of his death.

* * * * * *

The old clock which stood in the kitchen at the "Pen Owen Arms" announced to the villagers assembled there on Christmas Eve that it was ten o'clock, enforcing the statement with an emphasis and deliberation that admitted of no contention.

Of the further fact that the night was wet and dark and windy, the guests could satisfy themselves by a glance at the latticed window.

There was obviously no desire on the part of the inmates to substitute the darkness and cold of the outer world for the warmth and brightness of the comfortable inn.

Sooner or later, however, the exchange must be effected, and David Thomas, the merry, ruddy-faced groom from the Rectory, took the initiative.

"Well, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I must be off. So good-night, and, Jem Atkins, take care, Sir Giles' ghost doesn't get hold of you at last. He's safe to be about on a night like this."

Some covert allusion lurked beneath this sally, for it was received with a laugh from the audience.

"Sir Giles be blowed," returned Jem Atkins, the village smith, clenching his massive fist; "I should like to see him come within reach of my arm."

Jem prided himself on being a profound sceptic in all matters temporal and spiritual, with a reservation in favor of two things: the strength of his right hand and the merits of alcohol, absorbed on all occasions and in unlimited quantities.

"Why, Jem, you know you always go the long way home instead of cutting across the churchyard and pass the door of the vault."

Another laugh greeted this renewed attack on Jem Atkins, who was anything but a general favorite.

"Whoever told you that, young man, told you a lie. Do I look like being afraid of a ghost?"

An irritating laugh was the only reply to his question.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," exclaimed the blacksmith angrily. "I'll bet you half-a-crown I go into the vault by myself to-night, and what's more, I'll sit a bit on the old gentleman's coffin and smoke a pipe, if you like, there; that is, if Morgan here will let me go in."

The answer to his challenge was the immediate offer by old Morgan, the sexton, of the massive key which opened the door of the vault.

"Wait a minute," objected Jem's tormenter. "If you go alone who's to know what game you mayn't be up to? Why, you might just go out into the road, come back in ten minutes, and never go near the churchyard at all."

Jem's temper was now thoroughly aroused, and his rejoinder consisted of a torrent of malediction more marked by its violence than its coherency.

The justice of Thomas's suggestions, however, was generally recognized, and the wits of the party were soon employed in devising some arrangement by which the fact that Jem had entered the vault and dared to touch Sir Giles' coffin should be placed beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It was finally arranged that the proposer of the bet should establish his claim to the stakes by hammering two or three nails into the baronet's coffin, a feat which would serve as a proof on the following morning that he had accomplished his proposed performance.

The necessary tools were soon provided, and in a short time the blacksmith had turned his back on the cheerful light which shone from the window of the alehouse and was proceeding on his gloomy and hazardous errand.

It was less than ten minutes' walk from the "Pen Owen Arms," to the church, but before the expiration of this brief interval Jem Atkins had repented of his engagement.

In spite of his stalwart frame and determined aspect, there was one weak spot concealed in his composition—a profound dread of supernatural beings.

Stimulated by his antagonist's jeers and by the spirits which he had imbibed, he had rashly undertaken an enterprise which, but for very shame, he would now willingly have abandoned, even at the sacrifice of his half-crown.

No wonder then that he started with terror, and that his heart beat loud and fast, when some large animal brushed against him at the very gate of the churchyard. It was only the retriever which had habitually accompanied our gamekeeper, Jack Rawlins, on his nightly rounds; but its contact succeeded in completely shattering the blacksmith's nerves, and the voice in which he responded to the gamekeeper's cheery "good-night" was tremulous with fear.

There was no cessation in the storm. The wind howled and shrieked among the branches of the churchyard elms, and heavy raindrops pattered loudly against the lantern which scarcely served to guide Jem Atkin's steps along the winding path that led to the door of the vault.

The ancient key appeared in its bearer's ears to utter a note of warning when he turned it in the rusty lock, and the gust of wind admitted by the opening door seemed, as it swept round the silent chamber, to carry to its occupants an announcement of the rash visitor's presence.

But even in this supreme moment Jem Atkins bethought him of dangers other than those connected with the unseen world.

He was not unconscious of his own unpopularity, and he realized the opportunity afforded by the present situation for a practical joke at his expense.

He was aware, in his professional capacity, that the vault door, which closed inwards, shut with a spring. Consequently, if he left the key outside, "one touch" of an unfriendly "hand," or even one gust of wind more potent than its predecessors, might consign him to a night-long imprisonment in companionship with the vault's grisly inhabitants whose privacy he had invaded.

The intruder's hand shook as he placed the key in the inside key hole of the door and proceeded to hang up the lantern on its projecting handle, in preparation for his dreaded task.

Either Jem's eye was deceived by the uncertain light, or his trembling hand was unequal to the attempt—for a few moments after he had quitted his hold of the lantern, it slipped from its support and lay with broken framework and extinguished light on the floor of the charnel-house!

* * * * * *

In vivid contrast to the gloom and silence of the vault were the bright light and merry conversation at the "Pen Owen Arms."

Jem's mission—to him the cause of so much apprehension and terror—form a subject of the utmost hilarity for the companions whom he had left behind him.

By everybody except Thomas, whose mirth was tempered with anxiety as to the fate of his half-crown, the blacksmith's probable adventures were regarded exclusively from a decidedly comic point of view.

However, as the time of his expected return approached, the merriment abated, and it was almost amid silence in the inn parlor that a heavy and rapid tread was heard approaching.

In another moment Jem dashed into the room, slammed the door behind him, and with a look of agonized terror in its direction, stood with his back to the wall, trembling in every limb.

He was evidently apprehensive of approaching danger, for his eyes glared wildly and the sweat broke out on his forehead, while he seemed to await the arrival of an expected pursuer.

Nothing, however, was audible outside, except the faint murmur of the now departing storm, mingled with the sound of the dropping rain as it fell from the eaves upon the pavement beneath—and Jem, accordingly, took courage.

It was even with some assumption of his usual manner that he announced that he had won the wager and demanded the money from the stakeholder.

But, in spite of his efforts at composure, it was plain that Jem was suffering from the effects of some serious alarm, and when he moved forward from the wall against which he had been leaning, it was obvious that he had been the victim of a violent assault from the rear.

The ample skirts of the coat which he generally wore when not engaged in the duties of his trade, were discovered to be torn and tattered as if the claws or fangs of some savage beast. In fact they offered to view just such scores and marks as might represent the result of an onslaught by the spectral Sir Giles.

It was useless for Jem to continue his affectations of indifference, and by degrees he desisted from the attempt, and gave the result of his experiences to the following effect:

The sudden extinction of the lantern, he said, had resulted in a condition of absolute darkness, for even the faint line of light which struggled through the nearly-closed door was at first invisible to the new occupant of the vault.

Under the impulse of the terror occasioned by his alarming situation, Jem had taken several steps in the presumed direction of the door.

As a matter of fact he had mistaken its position and soon discovered that he had lost his way. The vault was spacious and uniform, consisting of a large chamber shaped in the form of a parallelogram, with recesses in each corner, one of which led into the outer air.

The surest method of gaining this exit was by means of a systematic progress round the four walls of his dungeon, and with outstretched hand and cautious footstep the luckless prisoner began his attempted escape.

Absolute silence accompanies the first moments of the search, and then with a wild cry of disgust and alarm, Jem Atkins totters towards the middle of the chilly vault.

What has happened? Merely this: the doughty blacksmith's fingers in their journey of exploration along the masonry, have entered the eye-holes of a death's-head!

Not even a veritable skull "which eyes did once inhabit," but only its "counter-

felt presentment," one among the series of sculptured devices which ornamented the Pen Owen vault.

But "it served." Starting away in horror from the cold and clammy contact, and heedless of danger from behind, Jem reels back in the direction of the dreaded object, which occupies the centre of the crypt and lies shrouded in its impenetrable darkness.

Alas, for the boastful challenger! for the valiant defier of powers unseen! As he staggers back, one of his sharp heavy heels alights upon some unctuous, yielding substance, a decaying petal, perhaps, dropped from a funeral wreath, or a slimy growth engendered by the damp and inky darkness.

It is all over now with Jem, who after vain frantic efforts to regain his footing, falls heavily on Sir Giles's coffin, "with his back towards its fearful inmate!"

Except for the corroboration offered by the tattered condition of Jem Atkins's garments, the account of his remaining adventures would have appeared incredible. He, however, vehemently asserted that after a few minutes he had recovered from his alarm sufficiently to enable him to utilize the position and to hammer the requisite number of nails into the coffin on which he was sitting.

That, on rising after the completion of his task, he had found himself dragged backwards by some invisible assailant who had attacked him from the point of vantage which the wicked baronet was alleged to effect.

By a frantic effort he had shaken himself free from the assailant who clung with pertinacity to his skirts, had reached the welcome light which showed at last the exit from the ghastly prison house, had slammed the massive door in the face of his fancied pursuer, and had presented himself at the "Pen Owen Arms" in the state of abject panic already described.

On the morning following the blacksmith's adventures, I received a visit from old Morgan, the sexton, and a humble request for the loan of the duplicate key of the Pen Owen vault, which I retained in my own hands.

With many apologies for his own share in the outrage offered to my ancestors, he explained the grounds for his petition and gave me an account of the incidents of the previous night, which I confess I accepted with incredulity.

A careful examination, however, of the scene of Jem Atkins's terror corroborated the truth of his narrative, and at the same time demonstrated the real nature of his mysterious assailant.

It was plain that in his confusion and terror, the one begotten by his love, the other by his dread, of spirits, the blacksmith had nailed his own coat-tails to Sir Giles's coffin.

One Rainy Night.

BY C. D.

"BELLA," SAID OLD Mrs. Fenton in her shrill cracked voice, "go out and get me a new cap. I want a new cap if I am to go out to lunch to-morrow. Go to Mrs. Dean's. Tell her I want one of those point lace things which tie under the chin. She'll understand. I looked at them on Monday."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bella, who was a sort of humble companion, and performed the duties of lady's maid. "Certainly, if you wish, I will go this evening; but I should have to leave you alone, since cook and Annie are out, and I had better, perhaps, go early in the morning. I could be back before lunch time——"

"I want it to-night," said Mrs. Fenton sharply. "Bless me, am I in my dotage that I can't be left alone? You can take your latch key, and I shall go to bed, perhaps. I want to feel fresh to-morrow. Yes, put my hair up, and I'll undress now, and slip on my dressing gown, so that I shall have no trouble."

Bella merely said "very well."

She undressed her mistress, put up her front curls, fixed a night lamp, and left her reading the paper in her own room. Then, taking a hat and cloak from a wardrobe, she peeped once more into the old lady's room, to say that she was off, and then took her departure.

It was bright enough in the street, all ablaze with lamps, and Mrs. Dean's residence was soon reached. That lady was very hard at work at a bride's trousseau.

She stopped her sewing, picked out the proper cap and put it in a little box, and, after a few words with the girls at work under the gas jets, Bella started on her way homeward.

Before she had gone two streets she saw before her a little girl, who was well-dressed and who seemed not at all the sort of child to be alone in the streets at this hour.

She was looking up at the names on the street corners, and showing no sign of terror, until at the corner of a very dark lane the figure of a dirty old woman appeared in view.

The next instant she saw the old woman seize the little girl, smother her head in her filthy shawl, and endeavor to drag her down a cross street.

Instantly Bella flew across the intervening space and uttered the first words that occurred to her.

"What are you doing to that little child?"

The old hag released her prisoner.

"I thought the dear critter were lost," she said; "and bein' cold, I jest put my shawl round her whilst I talked."

And she rapidly hobbled away.

The child, trembly, and yet self-possessed, clung to Bella.

"It isn't true," she whispered. "She put something that made me giddy to my nose and held me so tight."

"She wanted to steal your pretty jewelery, I suppose," said Bella. "And where do you live, my dear? Your parents don't let you go out alone at this time of night, do they?"

"Oh, no," said the child, "I've been quite naughty, I'm afraid. I went home from school with another little girl, and we played together, and I had tea with her; and she had such pretty, curious toys, and I did not know it was nine o'clock until it struck. Mamma does not know where I am. She will be so frightened."

"Yes, it was wrong, miss," said Bella. "And now I'll go home with you. It is beginning to rain. Where do you live?"

"Oh, I'll show you," said the child. "You are so kind."

They walked on, and reached the house, after rather a long walk. Bella rang the bell, and it was instantly answered by a lady, who cried:

"My child! my dear child! Where have you been? Papa is out searching for you."

"I hope she'll get a good scolding, naughty little thing," said Bella to herself, as she turned the first corner.

She was in a great hurry, and the street was one of the many new streets in Liverpool, which never seem to be quite finished.

A great building was going up, and a narrow plank crossed a chasm in the pathway.

The men had just left work, and the watchman was fixing his lights. Bella's foot slipped on the wet boards, and she fell without anyone seeing her.

She did not get a heavy fall, but she went down in such a way that she hit her head against a bit of the cellar wall, and for a time, how long she could not guess, lay senseless in the wet trench.

When she came to herself, she fancied herself in bed, in her own room, and wondered what made the couch so hard and uncomfortable.

Then she sat up, and saw about her darkness, and felt the mist in her face. At last she remembered. Her forehead was stiff. She put her hand up, and realized that she had been cut about the head. Her arm ached terribly, but she could lift it.

By degrees her senses returned, and she contrived to stand up, to get the use of her limbs, and to find a path by which the laborers wheeled their barrows into this cellar, and slowly made her way out.

She found that her hat was gone, after she had limped on for awhile, and untying her white apron pinned it about her head.

She was in a by-street now, and met no one, and when she stood at the door of Mrs. Fenton's house she began to wonder, in a sick, dazed way, where the latch-key was.

The cook and chambermaid, who were sisters, were away, staying all night at their mother's house. There was a wedding in the family, and they had asked leave to have the holiday.

She knew that; and where was the key? —where was the key? In her apron pocket. She took the apron from her head and tied it on. The key had been lost on the way, but now she plainly saw that the door stood ajar, that there was light in the house.

Doubtless Mrs. Fenton had been taken ill, and was up trying to get medicines for herself. Just her careless way, to leave the door open!

Bella pushed her way in. The little hatchet used for chopping wood was lying on the hall floor. How strange! She picked it up; it was wet. As she stood looking at it a heavy hand came down on her shoulder.

"Well, young woman, what's up?" asked the policeman.

"I don't know," said Bella.

"All that blood on you, and don't know?" said the policeman.

"I fell down the cellar," she said in bewilderment.

The policeman still held her by the arm as he stalked forward. Every gas jet in the room in which Mrs. Fenton slept was burning, and as they entered a horrible sight met their eyes.

The old lady, or rather her dead body, lying across the floor weltering in blood—murdered horribly.

At the sight Bella uttered one long and fearful shriek, and swooned away.

She came to herself in prison, charged with the murder of Mrs. Fenton. In vain she told her story. Nobody believed her. And as the trial went on circumstantial evidence proved her guilty to the jury. The fact of her having been out to get the cap did not help her.

She might have been home at nine o'clock. She was found with the hatchet in her hand, making no outcry, and covered with blood. Her wounds were supposed to have been given by Mrs. Fenton in defending herself.

So great was the horror and detestation in which the innocent girl was held for her supposed crime that it was with difficulty she was guarded from assault on her way to court.

The very prisoners desired to do her harm; the fact of the old lady's age and her previous liberality to Bella, and the position of confidence she held, making the crime more terrible.

In fact, she was proven guilty, and sentence was pronounced. She was to die on the gallows. Judge ——— had pronounced her sentence. He was a grave and good man, very fond of his wife and family, but he never permitted them to know the details of any of the cases which came under his observation. But this one was talked of widely, and had come to the ears of his little daughter Hilda.

She, a pretty creature of eleven, came into his private study one morning, with her face full of thought.

"Papa," she said, "don't be angry. I have been reading the papers about the girl who is supposed to have killed her mistress, and I read that you said she must be hanged by the neck until she was dead. Papa, do you remember the night I was naughty and stayed out late? You had gone out to look for me."

"Yes, child."

"A girl brought me home that night—a tall young woman in a white apron. She was very kind; she walked a long distance with me, and only for her I should have been stolen by an old woman. She had me by the neck with my head under her shawl, and nearly stifled me. Well, papa, this woman pulled me away from her just as that Bella says she pulled a little girl that night. And you know there is a dreadful place down the street where they are building. She says she fell down a place. Papa, I went and asked the men if they thought anyone fell down there one night. Most of them laughed at me, but one nice man said 'Yes.' There was a plank there that rainy night, and there was a bonnet there and a handkerchief. He took both home. I think, papa, that Bella tells the truth."

"Great Heaven!" cried the father. "Child, you may have saved a life, and me from what I dread to think of."

He touched a bell, and gave the servant who appeared orders to call a cab instantly.

In half an hour, Bella, sitting upon her bed, saw the door open; a little figure entered and stood before her.

"Did you ever see me before?" the sweet voice asked.

"You are the child I took safe home that dreadful night," said Bella.

"And I know you," Hilda said, "and it is all right, my dear. You will be proved innocent."

So it was, after more delay than one could believe, with the child's sworn word given, and the bonnet and handkerchief marked with her name, to say nothing of the cap in Mrs. Dean's box, which had also been found in the hollow, for evidence.

But at last Bella was free.

Years have passed. She is still retained in the household as a valued and useful member. She is married. Her husband is the family coachman and gardner, a very worthy and intelligent man; and certainly the end of her life is decidedly happier than were its earlier years.

Scientific and Useful.

CAR WINDOWS.—The railroad which will adopt the idea of using weights on the window sashes of the cars, so that they may run up and down freely, as in our dwellings, may never pay a dividend to stockholders, but every passenger will advertise the line from Maine to Texas as exhibiting common sense.

FIRE-PAILS.—An inventor has proposed a plan for checking evaporation, in the case of fire-pails, which should always in case of emergency be kept full of water. His plan consists in covering the surface of the water with an air-tight sheet of tin-foil, which could readily be broken through by the hand when required. The suggestion is a good one in cases where pails are in use.

WHAT PARAFFIN WAX WILL DO.—Melt half a pound of soap to about one ounce of refined paraffin wax for every six gallons of water used. Boil the clothes in this for twenty minutes or half an hour, then rinse, and the washing is over. No rubbing is said to be required, while the clothes are rendered beautifully sweet and clean and entirely free from smell, which is an objection by many to the use of paraffin oil.

CUTTING STONE.—A curious method of cutting stone blocks has been perfected in France. It consists in the employment of an endless wire cord, which is put in motion by a steam engine, and which is fed with water and sharp sand. The cord is made up of three steel wires twisted to a certain pitch, and is not quite a quarter of an inch in diameter. It is evident that it can be carried to the stone blocks, and that several can be cut at the same time, provided only that the metal has time to cool between its work on two different stones. As the work goes on, there is a twist upon the cord which causes it to be worn down equally on every side until it gives way from sheer wear and tear. But this does not occur in a cord one hundred and fifty yards long until nearly five hundred square feet of surface have been cut through. The invention is not actually new, for it was awarded a prize at the Brussels Exhibition last year; but it has been much improved in various details.

Farm and Garden.

THROUGH THE WINTER.—Keep an eye on the vegetables and fruits all through the winter that any decay may be noticed and the decayed specimens removed.

PAINT.—Portland cement and skim milk make an excellent paint. If fresh bullock's blood and air-slaked lime be mixed to the consistency of thick whitewash it also makes a durable paint.

BOARD FLOORS.—It is claimed that board floors should not be used in stalls for colts, as they are too hard and cause injury to the feet. Nothing is as good as an earth floor for all animals that have tender feet.

NUTS — Chestnuts, walnuts, almonds, butternuts and pecans can be grown and will give a good variety, and on many places on the farm they can be planted and grown to advantage as easily as other varieties of trees that bear such fruit as nuts of a marketable value, while the wood of the nut trees are of equal value.

WEAR AND TEAR.—It must be clear to any man with the most ordinary business instincts that good roads mean thrift, liberality and wealth. They mean good farms and good real estate values. They mean that the farmer enjoying their use will save time going over them, will save wear and tear not only on his wagons but on his teams.

IN CHURNING.—A temperature of from 64 to 66 is necessary in churning, and as the weather becomes cold the churn and cream must be warmed. The temperature can be easily regulated by the aid of cold and warm water to reduce or raise as it required. The churn itself may be very cold, and some dairymen pour warm water into it, and then renew it before putting the cream in.

POULTRY.—If the poultry manure is added to the stable manure every time the poultry-house is cleaned, and the whole kept under cover, it will be better than keeping the two kinds separate. The mixing of the poultry manure with the stable manure prevents the drying and hardening of the former. When the poultry droppings become dry and hard they dissolve very slowly, due to the formation of silicates, but when kept in a moist condition they are more available as plant food.

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it un." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Man and His Progress.

Some little time ago there arose amongst us a set of men whose cry was well named "onward!" Like the celebrated Blucher, Marshal Vorwarts (forward), they asserted that the march of men should be ever in advance, and that the old cry of the good old times is as foolish as it is old.

"Fools," said a French philosopher, "to place the happiest time in the past! where as, as we all know, the golden age is the future"

The poets and the thinkers, the fighters and the workers, the statesmen and the teachers, all looked towards this end. The printing press has inaugurated a new era, by thought and type—thought moulded into types. Man was to be improved—books were to be the great teachers.

Nor are these dreams mere midsummer madness. The present age is often looked down upon, and called a carping, foolish, criticizing age; whereas, it is a great and noble age, fruitful of true and noble men, and one which has already made its mark amongst the ages.

The long march of progress from barbarism we cannot, if we would, follow. Believing in the Mosaic history, we at once see a phenomenon, explained only in the Bible, which is hard to account for, and which, according to the natural belief of man, should hardly exist.

Man lives not only in a state of progress, but also in a state of constant retrogression. He advances, and he recedes; he becomes ripe, and he rots and falls away again into nothing.

The splendid civilization of Rome gives way, and the cultivation of centuries to the desolation and waste nakedness of the Romagna and the marshes about that great city.

The aims and desires of man die out, ease occupies his soul, he lives only for wealth; he is no longer a man, he is but a merchant; he wonders at grand ideas, and ridicules them; he is corrupt and decays, and the philosopher sinks into the savage.

Rome, Greece, Persia and Egypt tell us all these stories. The writers of the historical books of the Scriptures were familiar enough with the desolation and ruin which they often saw before them, and promised to great cities—then in their strength of pride and beauty—that complete desolation, that fate of being the haunt of owls and unclean birds, and the nests of toads and serpents, which has since come upon them.

We presume, therefore, that we may take the fact of progress as proved; but it is a very slow progression to some of us. Individuals, in all ages, have reached the highest point or eminence, but the many have always hung behind.

That the mass of men have reached a certain satisfactory point in civilization, and have made a progress which is by no means contemptible, is, we think, not to be contradicted.

It does not obliterate the fact that the world has attained a high state of progress, if we allege against it that millions and millions are yet sunk in darkness and barbarism.

Eighteen hundred years ago there was added to man an element in progress at once so novel and so powerful that its strength and endurance cannot be calculated on. That element was and is Christianity.

It may be trodden out by persecution in one land, but it springs up in another. It has thrown down kings, overturned the grandest and most philosophical systems of religion and of human philosophy, has revolutionized nations, and found no barrier even in the races of man.

What it may do it is impossible to say. It owes little or nothing to State help; it flourishes best unsupported; and while divisions, schisms and unchristian hatred may be killing the root, as it were, a branch will take fresh life in a distant land, and spring up brightly, brilliantly, and strongly as ever.

This element in progress demands also that not one land shall be left unvisited, not one heart untouched; that the beggar shall be set with princes, and that the leper and the pariah, the lowest of the low, are as dear to the great soul of humanity as the strongest princely despot ever throned.

True progress aims at gaining for every man on earth the maximum of human happiness allowed here below. "It is," says a writer, "that human life should be protracted to its attainable limit, that the earth should be made to nourish as many men as it can contain, and that all men should become as perfect and happy as they can possibly be."

There is no doubt that if we do not attain this, we shall yet attain a much higher state of society than we hold at present. Links of a chain, we inherit the great thoughts and works of our fathers, and our children will in their turn inherit our works and our thoughts, and so go on working for the perfect end.

THE human mind is ever busy, feeding either upon what is wholesome or upon what is poisonous, and working out results for good or for evil. It is a great mistake to suppose that the main thing to do for the mind is to empty it of all error, of all prejudice, of all inferior subjects of thought, of all superstitions and dreams and illusions. To fill it with true ideas, to inspire it with vital energy, to discipline it to original work, is worth a thousand laborious efforts to extract the weeds which may disfigure it. Just as a vigorous constitution overcomes diseases, so a vigorous mind overcomes error.

EVERY young man, on entering the business world, should form for himself, or adopt at the suggestion of competent advisers, a plan of life based upon sound morality, and shaped so as to accord with the bent and scope of his mental capacity. His course chalked out, let him take courage, and, with a stout heart amid all dangers, a pure conscience amid all temptations, and a clear head amid all perplexities, push forward with hope and confidence.

MAN must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain even a briar or thorn which Nature could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them.

PEOPLE who never disappoint your expectations—people on whom you rest as on a rock that shall never be moved—people who never give way to small tempers or little meannesses, who are under command of their reason and governed by their conscience—people who love others more than they love themselves—how should we not love them for ever if we love them once? It would be impossible with love once established.

WHATEVER be the source of fear in children, let the parents watch till they have found it out; and having found it out, let them lead on the child to conquest, both by reason and by bringing such courage as has to bear on the weak point. In any case, whether of a bold or timid child, the only completely effectual training comes from the parents' example.

THE term "integrity" can only be applied to those persons who, accustomed to practice every part of social justice, are conscientiously accurate in all their dealings, faithful to every trust, tenacious of every promise, disdaining to dissemble or prevaricate, and who would regard every act of injustice as a meanness to which they would scorn to stoop.

THE wider the liberty, the more efficient should be the safeguards to prevent it from being abused and degenerating into license. To keep the social body within its orbit the centripetal force should counterbalance the centrifugal motion of free thought. The ship that is to sail on a rough sea and before strong winds should be well ballasted.

THE work that pays, that is not done without fit compensation of one sort or another, is seldom exhaustive of the resources of the mind or body. The work which is done without remunerating results, and the failure of which to yield reward makes it hard, is that sort which tires the brain, and through it the body.

THERE are no worse evils than sadness and melancholy, because they reject the cure of every other evil. Sadness is a malady that unhinges the spirit, contracts the heart, and brings down the power of the soul into the caverns of self love, where their light is obscured and their virtues buried in a sensuous slime.

Do not fall into the habit of asking favors. It is better to suffer than to supplicate, and asking a favor, even from your dearest friend, is only a mild form of supplication. Get what you want by your own unaided exertions, or go without.

LIFE is beset with obstacles, and it is the duty of every man to leap over them; they may be difficult to surmount, but a firm resolve will remove every obstacle.

THERE are many hours in every man's life which are not spent in anything important; but it is necessary that they should not be passed idly.

COURTESY of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.

HE who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he that loseth his spirits, loseth all.

A HELPING word is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity.

The World's Happenings.

There are 22 flour mills in Minneapolis, with a combined daily capacity of 28,675 barrels.

In Prussia the price of medicines is regulated by the State, and a new price list is issued annually.

Link cuff buttons of solid silver are fashionable with business men who devote attention to their dress.

A train of freight cars over a mile long was hauled into Grafton, W. Va., by one engine a few days ago.

Solid black underwear in pure silk is an imported conceit which has captured the whim of many Americans.

There was found in the stomach of a cow butchered in Ohio nearly a quart of nails, carpet tacks, screws, stones, etc.

A Battle Creek, Mich., man requested the City Recorder to order all the saloons in town not to sell him anything to drink.

The English language has been chosen for use in the recording of important treaty engagements between Russia and China.

An enterprising fisherman of Gloucester, Mass., intends making a trip to Norway in search of cod, which are said to abound there.

American clams are to be planted at various points on the English coast, in the hope that they may be prepared for the market.

An English newspaper of very strict tendencies advertises that "No charge is made for inserting the death of godly persons."

The British iron clad Vulcan, which is being built now, is having put in a rudder weighing 22 tons, the largest ever put on a British vessel.

At Sonora, Cal., a few days ago, there was seen the novel spectacle of a rose bush loaded down with snow and ice and a red rose in full bloom.

A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, steam and sail, is, in round numbers, 21,000,000 tons, of which 50 per cent. is British.

Barbers in China make $4 a month, and blacksmiths $6. Chair-bearers get only 30 cents a day for carrying superiors, and female cotton-spinners have only 19 cents a day.

Boston public school managers still believe in the old doctrine of "spare the rod and spoil the child." They have refused to abolish corporal punishment in schools, but now compel the teachers to record all thrashings.

The German Emperor is determined that his subjects shall not lose their musical reputation. By his special orders every German soldier and sailor must learn to sing, and the War Minister has issued a suitable book for their instruction.

There is a religious revival among the London cat's meat men. Those who live in the northern part of the town have decided to trade no more on Sundays, and the owners of cats are begged to purchase pussy's Sunday dinner on Saturday.

A Boston drummer had a narrow escape from death while being shaved, at Manchester, N. H., this week. The barber dropped the razor on the Bostonian's wrist, severing the cords and blood vessels, and the fortunate presence of a physician alone saved his life.

William Collins, of Ann Arbor, Mich., was recently divorced from his wife on the charge of cruelty. He alleged that she fed him on bread and milk, refused to sew buttons on his clothing, nagged him for expensive trappings for herself, and otherwise behaved in a very cruel manner.

Here is a unique specimen of a certificate of death, tendered by a native apothecary at a recent inquest in India: "I think she died or lost her life for want of food or on account of starvation, and perhaps for other things of her comfortables, and most probably she died by drowning."

Opposing lawyers in Selma, Cal., who bet $10 in court, and made the Judge stakeholder, afterwards regretted their action, for as soon as quiet was restored the Judge picked up the coin and ordered his clerk to enter a fine of $10 each against the attorneys for contempt of court, and to give a receipt for the money.

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the captain to Gussie, the other day. Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The captain "saw it" immediately.

"Here's a big snap." Under this caption the following appeared in a recent issue of the Sterling, Kansas, Champion: "We want a load or two of corn cobs, to be applied on subscription. For three good loads of cobs we will send the Champion and Topeka Capital (12 pages) to any address for one year. First come, first served."

John Drown, one of a family noted for longevity, died at Rockport, Mass., a few days ago, aged 91 years and 7 months. One of his brothers died a few years ago at the age of 95. Several of his brothers and sisters lived to be over 90 years of age. The deceased was a shoemaker, and worked at the trade up to the time he was taken sick. He leaves a widow, who is 90 years of age.

About $6 000 in cash securities, etc., has been found in the hut, in West Hopkinton, N. H., of the hermit who was frozen to death recently. A post mortem examination showed pneumonia to have been the cause of death. In his stomach was found whole corn, showing that in his delirium he attempted to appease his hunger with the uncooked grain, which was scattered about in the room where the body was found.

A coincidence that is very remarkable is reported from Boston. A teamster who had been hurt by a car running into his wagon brought suit for damages against the railway company. The case came up a few days ago, and the jury decided to visit the scence of the collision—a steep hill. They embarked in a car belonging to the defendant, and had just reached the hill when the car ran into a furniture wagon, breaking two of the windows and shaking up the jurymen. The teamster received a verdict for 1100 dollars.

HE DOES NOT COME.

BY W. G. B.

Alas! he does not come, mother,
I weep and watch in vain;
And my poor heart is torn, mother,
With bitter, yearning pain.

Oh, I cannot hush my sobs, mother,
Nor stay by burning tears;
Nor crush the withering thought, mother,
That now my bosom sears,—

The thought, the scorching thought, mother,
That he's forsaken me;
For he comes not as of yore, mother,
With blithe step o'er the lea.

The Tattooed King.

Translated from the French.

BY FLOYD VAIL.

LAST YEAR one of the morning trains on the Lyons' railway carried me towards a small city in the environs of Paris. I expected to pass half a day there. I had business in a publishing house.

I arrived at an unsuitable time to speak of typographical corrections, of making up and working off. I found myself in the midst of a wedding. The publisher was marrying his daughter.

Just as I rang the bell, the future husband and wife, in company with their families, their witnesses and invited guests, were about to leave for the mayoralty and the church.

They urged me to join the cortege; and, naturally, I accepted their invitation. The prospective bride was beautiful, the fiance appeared very devoted. Every face was wreathed in smiles, and presented an appearance of good augury.

Everything passed agreeably before the municipal officer, and the solemn "Yes" was pronounced on the one hand, with the enthusiasm desired, and on the other, with traditional timidity.

Undoubtedly it was the same at the church; but this I can not affirm of my own knowledge; for, at the church, I had distractions which absorbed my attention almost completely; and here is the reason why:

A few feet from me was a man about forty, of medium height, supple in appearance and easy in manner; correctly dressed in a black suit, with white cravat and white gloves, perfectly irreproachable.

A head of thick hair, tinged with gray, surmounted a strange visage, by which my attention was irresistibly attracted.

This visage, the features of which were not lacking in a certain regularity, presented a specimen of those strange frescos in use by the O-Gib-be-was of high fancy of the Bal de l Opera.

On his cheeks blazed, like the rays of an artificial sun, serpentine and concentric lines of brightest vermilion, of the purest cobalt and of the richest chrome yellow.

His nose, more favored still in the variety of shades, would have rivaled, in design and in color, the silk embroidery of an Indian shawl.

A double arabesque, very delicate and complicated, displaying its capricious volutes over his two temples, served as an ornamentation for his forehead.

I racked my brain to divine the motives for such a droll disguise, which did not appear to be proper either for the time or place, and, which, nevertheless, did not seem to astonish or disgust any one.

Useless labor! The sphinx guarded his secret.

The nuptial ceremony ended, and the spectators started for the vestry, where the bride and groom had proceeded them. My illuminated neighbor followed the crowd and I followed my neighbor.

"He is some ridiculous jester," I thought, "and that majestic beadle, so proud of his protuberent chest, of his epaulettes of a colonel and his inoffensive halbred, will thrust him out of doors, as he deserves!"

But no. The beadle did not cross his halbred; but, on the contrary, just as the fantastic savage passed before him, he raised his hand to his hat, which resembled a general's, making a military salute, in token of high consideration.

What did that signify? I would have given much to have been able to ask this question of some one: but among the assemblage I knew only the father and the mother of the bride, and the bride herself.

Now, all these at this time had entirely different things to do without gratifying my curiosity.

Everybody, according to custom, placed their names upon the parish register. My variegated neighbor approached the table like the others, took the pen and wrote.

I was about, at least, to learn his name! I hastened forward. He presented the pen to me, smilingly, and said with the most exquisite politeness:

"Take your turn, sir, if you please."

This creature, half fantastic, spoke in a clear voice and without the least strange accent.

My eyes sought the ink, still fresh, that formed the letters which he had just traced; and I read, with an astonishment easy to comprehend, these words:

FABRICIUS POTARD,
Ex-King.—Freeholder.

My surprise only continued, however, for a half minute. It became evident to me that the man was a maniac. But why was he permitted, even in an indirect fashion, to participate in a ceremony as solemn as that which had just taken place? That was what I could not comprehend.

While I was asking myself this new question, the crowd dispersed; soon I was almost alone in the vestry.

The bride's father came and took me by the arm.

"Ah! my dear sir," said he, "come with me, pray. It is half past twelve, and we are going to sit down to dinner in fifteen minutes."

As soon as we were out of the church, I asked him:

"Who, pray, is that lunatic who was among your invited guests?"

"A lunatic!" he exclaimed; "of whom do you speak?"

"Why, of that blue, yellow and red person that was beside me during the mass and that signed the register before me."

The publisher burst into a peal of laughter.

"Ah! ah! poor Potard!" said he, finally; "if he knew that you believed——"

"Is he not a lunatic?"

"He, a lunatic? He on you! He has an income of twenty thousand a year."

"That is not a reason."

"He is a member of the municipal council."

To that I had nothing to respond. However, I murmured timidly:

"But—how about what he wrote in the register after his name?"

"What did he write?"

"Ex King."

"Very well; he has the right."

"Has he been a king?"

"Certainly."

"And of what, for heavens' sake?"

"It is a long story."

"But," I added, "why has he painted his face?"

"It is not painted."

"What is it, pray?"

"He is tattooed, my dear sir, which is a different thing."

"Tattooed! Where? By whom? Why?"

"That is a part of the history of Potard's royalty."

"Very well, tell me this history."

"He will tell it to you himself, if you fancy to hear it."

"But, probably, I shall never see him again."

"You will see him in five minutes; he is invited to the wedding repast."

"Will it not be indiscreet to ask him?"

"For an account of his adventures? Oh! not in the least. On the contrary, when he learns that you are a romancer, he will be more anxious to speak than you will be to hear."

Shortly after this Fabricius and I were presented formally to each other.

The ex king, during the leisure that his twenty thousand a year afforded him, in order to occupy his time, visited the libraries of the small city, and had read some of my books. He deigned to compliment me warmly and with charming grace, and, I do not doubt, if he had had the rank at his disposal at this time, he would have conferred on me at once, the title of Commander of Peace. But, unhappily for me, he had no chancellor's office.

All seated themselves at the table. The repast was abundant and long, as all pretentious wedding dinners should be.

During dessert, Fabricius, without solicitation, recounted to me the history which I am about to relate to you.

This history the greater part of the guests heard for the twentieth time. They manifested, however, the inappreciable politeness of appearing to listen with a lively interest, and as if it were a thing entirely new. You who read it for the first time, dear readers, endeavor the best you can to follow this example.

The future ex-king came into the world at Paris, in 1818. His father, the honorable door-keeper of a house in the Rue Vieille-du Temple, divided his time between the exigencies of the lodge and the bell and the philanthropic attentions bestowed upon the garments of his fellow men. With a conscientiousness and an assiduity worthy of the highest praise, he repaired elbows in sleeves worn out by long use, and by repeated rubbings restored antique breeches to their original state.

In exchange for this work, as useful as it was modest, Potard was contented with the most discreet remuneration.

This *portier* lived happily at his lodge in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, in company with a wife, not less commendable for her private virtues than for her culinary talents. Nobody in the neighborhood could rival Eudoxie Potard in making soup or the perfection of her rabbit stew, with onions.

This model couple had only one ambition: to live again in a progeny like them. In time this wish was granted. An infant of the masculine sex was born.

Potard who, if he had not been a door-keeper and slightly deformed, would have been a soldier, and who, while plying his needle with dexterity, had belligerent dreams, gave his offspring the name of Fabricius, who seemed to him most particularly heroic; and, full of ambition for his son, he resolved to make of him something extremely distinguished, be it a captain of cavalry, a lawyer, an actor or, finally, a wholesale and retail grocer. Between these four professions, equally enchanting, the mind of the door-keeper wavered, undecided.

The good man, knowing besides, that a brilliant education was the foundation of all success, sent Fabricius to the public school as soon as he had attained his fifth year. At eight years young Potard could read and write; at ten he had the four rules on the ends of his fingers. Let me hasten to add that his liveliest sympathy was concentrated on one of them—*subtraction*.

In one of the neighboring buildings was a grocery store. The proprietor, attracted by the appearance of vivacity and of intelligence manifested by Fabricius, who, in truth, was a fine looking boy, offered to take him to his home and fit him for trade. The father had no thought of refusing this proposition, which enabled him to realize one of his four dearest hopes.

The future king, then twelve years old, donned his blue bib apron, and assisted actively, although without enthusiasm, in selling candles, soft soap, molasses and prunes.

A day came when the grocer discovered that Fabricius made greater ravages in his store than a legion of rats of large size and good appetite. He took the tradesman in embryo by the ear and led him to his father, saying:

"I return you your blackguard son; if I should keep him a year longer I would be ruined! Keep your eye on him! He has too great a liking for molasses, prunes and ratafia. He will be a bad one!"

Eudoxie cried; Potard flew in a passion. Fabricius was beaten with a masterly hand.

Two days after his father had forgiven him. Could it have been expected of him to do otherwise? A father is always a father. He set about finding him another place; and the too frequent sampler of colonial articles was admitted to a drug store in the Rue la Verrerie.

Everything progressed satisfactorily for some time; then, in adolescence, the youth was transformed, little by little, and commenced to develope new instincts—passions before unknown. Just as Fabricius yielded, without a struggle and without resistance to his infantile gluttony, so he sacrificed everything to his new desires. Companions, male and female, replaced, to advantage, the molasses and the prunes.

The young man had no money to meet the expenses of the joyous life he led after his daily work was done. He found nothing easier than to "borrow" it from the druggist's till, which he could readily do, for, in the absence of his employer, Fabricius had charge of the sales and the daily receipts were at his disposal.

The first "loans" were small. The pilferings continued from time to time and were inconsiderable. They rarely amounted to a hundred sous. Little by little this moderation appeared to him ridiculous and paltry; the thefts were more frequent, and increased in amount. Intoxicated by the success of his embezzlements, Fabricius became insatiable and was not long in forgetting all prudence. Charged by the druggist with different collections, he found it very ingenious to appropriate the amounts of several of the invoices. He put the money into his pocket, and pretended that the debtors had kept the bills, after tearing off the receipts, promising to pay later.

One fine morning, a fortuitous circumstance, and what chance alone had delayed occurring, that is to say, an interview and explanation between the druggist and one of his customers, whom he believed to be a creditor, put the pharmacist in possession of the unfortunate truth. The fuse once lighted, the mine burst; the explosion was terrible.

In the first heat of his anger, the druggist would speak of nothing less than giving Fabricius up to justice, and of sending him without delay, to the Assizes for breach of trust and theft. But the son of the door-keeping tailor was already a perfect comedian. He fell upon his knees, shedding a torrent of tears. There he became eloquent; he made irresistible supplications; spoke of his youth, of the allurements to which he had thoughtlessly yielded, of his remorse, of his good resolutions for the future. In brief, the pharmacist, a kind hearted man, allowed himself to be touched, and he consented, if not to retain his clerk, at least not to have him arrested.

After ascertaining, approximately, the sum total stolen by Fabricius, he took him back to his father holding him, if not by the ear, by the collar.

"Your scape-grace son," said he to the parent, "is a scoundrel, and has robbed me of more than eight hundred francs. I ought to have him taken to the station house; but I pitied you who are an honest man. I bring him back to you; make of him what you can; only, if you find him a place, don't send anyone to me for reference." And he departed.

The mother fell upon her knees in one corner of the lodge, her hands joined, and sobbed like a Magdalen. The father, an instant overcome, sprang for a broom and brandished it in a menacing manner. Fabricius took a defensive attitude, and exclaimed, somewhat jeeringly:

"Put down your fist and your broom! I don't want to be beaten; do you hear that, papa?"

"Wretch! you have disgraced my name."

"Your name—Potard? It is a 'daisy,' that name is. If I were you, I wouldn't be 'stuck' on it!"

"Villain! Where will you end?"

"I don't know; nor you either, papa."

"You will bring up on the gallows! Everywhere you conduct yourself like a ruffian. You are driven from every place."

"As to that, it isn't my fault, papa."

"Perhaps it is mine,"

"Upon my word, I can't say it isn't. Why didn't you bring me into the world with six thousand a year? That is my true vocation."

"What is going to become of you?"

"Whatever it pleases the fates."

"I can't keep you here in idleness."

"Oh! I don't want you to, papa. I should get too weary with you."

"How do you expect to get a living?"

"Upon my word, I haven't given it a thought, yet."

"Swear to me you will reform, and I will try to teach you my trade."

"Your trade of a tailor? That is an opportunity, indeed! Thanks, papa. That isn't on my string. Old breeches are beneath me. I like something better—a higher calling."

"But which—which? You know you have only to make your choice."

"Somewhat, yes. I am hesitating between several distinguished careers. I can be a carriage-door opener, a programme distributor, a seller of theatre checks, or a vender of vegetables. I have one of my friends, even, performing at the Olympic Circus, who has offered to help me make my debut. What do you say to that?"

"I say," exclaimed the tailor, exasperated, "I say you are a scoundrel, and you leave my house."

"All right; don't get your back up. I'll go. A tailor! I, Fabricius! not often!"

Potard's feelings were hurt by these last words at a very sensative point—the dignity of his trade. His anger was kindled; he seized the great scissors with which he used to cut his cloth, and sprang towards his son. The unhappy Eudoxie cast herself between them; the young man had not retreated a step.

"Go, go," cried the father; "go, or I'll kill you."

"Ah! I know it very well. So I'll leave to save you the trouble of the Assizes. Say, though, papa, haven't you got a hundred sous, by good luck, to meet my first expenses? Small presents show good parents."

The *portier* searched his pockets, and took from them a five franc piece, which he threw at his son, while repeating:

"Go; and may I never see you again!"

Fabricius had caught the piece on the fly; he turned on his heel and disappeared, after having responded:

"Thanks, papa; and don't be alarm'd. I am going to make a tour of the world, and you won't hear me spoken of again. Good evening all; my compliments to the

landlord."

This occurred in 1834 and Fabricius was sixteen years old.

To recount in detail the varied existence of the young man after he left the parental roof, with one hundred sous in his pocket, would require all the pages of a romance.

Fabricius lived (if one can call it living) by following, one after the other, or simultaneously, the fantastic vocations, the enumeration of which so violently excited the just wrath of the father, Potard; he plunged up to his neck in that Bohemian filth, so contaminating and injurious, which, at night, obstructs the outsides of the theatres along the boulevards. The "arlequins" sold in the neighborhood of the halls to ragged consumers became his usual diet; he haunted those gloomy lodgings that the police know and visit; more than once he was so reduced that he was obliged to seek shelter in a lime-kiln in the suburbs.

Thanks to his lucky star, Fabricius had the unusually good fortune not to be enticed by the chiefs of the bands of prowlers around the barriers—faithful habitues of the police courts and Assises. The weakness of his character and the vivacity of his passions would have surrendered him without resistance to these sinister recruiters. He had nothing to do with them; and the young man had no inclination to steal as his antecedents might lead one to fear, as a supplement to resources.

These resources, besides, he soon found in himself. This is how: Endowed with marvelous agility, with the suppleness of a clown, and having a grand address in all bodily exercises, Fabricius determined to speculate upon these exceptional qualities.

On days of public rejoicing one saw him attain, without effort, the tops of greased poles, the most inaccessible, and carry off all the prizes, to the great disappointment of his rivals. He followed this singular employment not only at the Champs Elysees, but on dedication days in suburban communes and in the environs of Paris.

During the heat of summer, he frequented the banks of the Saint Martin canal, a vigorous swimmer and intrepid diver, always ready to take a header to find at the bottom of the green and transparent water the pieces of money, wrapped in paper, thrown by the loiterers curious to see his aquatic exploits.

Nor is this all. Fabricius styled himself "professor"—professor of boxing and of cudgeling and of wrestling. In the open air, not far from the abattoirs or the Barrier du Trone, Fabricius gave lessons to a crowd of pupils, wan like those the poet speaks of in his iambics. The pay was moderate, but the satisfaction of pride made up the deficiency.

At length, thanks to the high patronage of his friend, the figurant, Fabricius one day had the joy and the glory of being admitted to the Olympic circus! He learned vaulting and bareback riding, and his wages were fixed at fifteen francs per month.

In the course of time this supernumerary position was not sufficient for the ambition of the young man, who believed he had talent and a future, and who desired to become a "star." He left Paris and accepted an engagement with one of those roving circuses that travel among the provinces. Fabricius attained merited success, and his salary reached a figure which, after so many privations, constituted veritable opulence.

This brings my hero to his twentieth year, and, consequently, to 1838. At this period the circus manager said to him one fine morning:

"Fabri, my boy" (Fabri was a friendly abbreviation), "Fabri, my boy, I have a proposition to make to you."

"Let us hear it, boss."

"How would you like to go on a voyage?"

"I would go."

"No matter where?"

"No matter where, and even every where."

"The distance wouldn't frighten you?"

"Give me a passport to the moon, and I am off."

"Then the business is settled."

"What business?"

"I have engaged to give a circus in Mexico."

"Where is Mexico?"

"In America."

"A country of untrodden forests—I know it."

"Will you go with me?"

Fabricius knew the manager needed him, and he responded:

"That depends on the wages!"

"Yes, but a moment ago you spoke of going to the moon."

"America is farther; besides, in the moon, I had a chance of making a hole. Finally, let us see, how much will you pay?"

"I will double your salary if you will go with the troupe."

"Taree thousand six a year!"

"Yes."

"That is slim. I want five hundred a month or nothing is done."

"Rascal, you will ruin me!"

"Take me or leave me. I must have, besides, two months' wages in advance; I want to buy some articles so I can trade with the natives and the savages."

"Well you shall have what you ask. Come, sign your engagement."

Fabricius regretted greatly that he had not demanded more; but it was too late to recall the word he had given. He signed.

"And," said he, after having illustrated with his name and flourishes the stamped sheet of paper, "how long before we start?"

"In three weeks."

"Do we go by way of Paris?"

"No; we embark at Havre."

"Very well; I asked so I would know what to do with my goods."

Eight days after, Fabricius, provided with the thousand francs paid to him in advance, and some savings, previously laid by, was occupying himself actively with his purchases, of which here is the summary: In the first place, for his personal use, a double-barreled gun, several pounds of powder in tin boxes, a game bag, a complete hunting outfit, including long, leather shoes; then, and for the purpose of speculation, all sorts of glassware and toys, of which he had heard the negroes were particularly fond.

Before the end of the month the manager, his riders, clowns and dancers, embarked on the fine, staunch three-master, Le Rapide, and departed for Mexico.

I shall not recount, either a portion or all of the little incidents of a voyage which, at the beginning, promised to be most favorable; but I shall reach, without delay, the terrible catastrophe which belied the fair promise of the departure.

The vessel had just entered the waters of that ocean called, by anti-phrasis, the Pacific, when there arose, unexpectedly, one of those tempests which poets, maritime romancers and painters of marine pictures have so much abused; and, for the excellent reason that these tempests have been described a thousand and one times, in identical language, I shall religiously abstain from doing so for the thousandth and second time.

The storm continued for three days; the unfortunate vessel, disabled, shipped water in every part and threatened to founder any moment. The captain decided to abandon her, and gave the order to lower the boats into the sea, to try, at least to save the passengers.

Fabricius was ready; he had attired himself in his hunting costume, he carried his gun like a grenadier, and his game bag contained a tin box full of powder, impermeable to the water of the sea, and some other munitions.

"At least," said he to himself, "if chance casts us on on desert island, I can kill some game for my companions and myself."

Fabricius thought of his companions before he did of himself; it was a good impulse, and this good impulse counted to his advantage.

It was an awful moment and terribly dramatic when the three boats were launched in the ocean. The first, cast by a gigantic wave against the side of the vessel, was broken in pieces as if it had been glass; the second, filled with a greater number of unfortunates than it could contain, with difficulty succeeded in getting away a cable's length, and went down; the third alone remained; five or six sailors precipitated themselves into it, and, without waiting for the rest of the passengers, shoved off and rowed away.

The creatures thus voluntarily abandoned to certain death, lost their reason and threw themselves into the billows, hoping to reach the boat.

Fabricius, too good a swimmer not to see the folly of their attempt, remained alone on board, murmuring:

"If I die here I shall at least gain a few hours;" and he waited.

Night was about coming on when the young man felt the vessel stagger under his feet, like a drunken man. At the same time a terrible sound arose from the depths of the hold, into which the water was beating with the force of a cataract.

Fabricius saw that the moment was come. He grasped, with both hands a bencoop which was on the deck, and he disappeared with it in the yawning abyss into which the vessel vanished. In a few moments the coop and man reappeared on the top of a wave and Fabricius, the caprice of the furious sea and the unbridled wind.

This strange navigation continued two days and two nights. During this forty-eight hours, which I might, in all security of conscience, term mortal, Fabricius took a retrospect of himself and his past easy to understand. The certainty of imminent death opened his sealed eyes and caused him to see things as they were. The young man was horrified at his faults; he recalled his mother, so long forgotten, and he cried; he thought of his father, by whom he had been cast forth, almost cursed, and he regretted his life, less for the life itself than for the possibility of reparation.

The morning dawned; the wind had not moderated; the sea, still furious, danced along the horizon like guests at a mountain ball. Fabricius felt exhausted; his limbs were paralyzed, his hands relaxed their hold of the bencoop, which, until then, had sustained him; a monstrous wave separated him from his shelter and drew him into its foaming spire.

He commended his soul to God; he expected to die and lost consciousness.

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When he recovered he was lying on a bed of fine, white sand, violently heated by the rays of a torrid sun. The sea, carried by its refluence, had receded nearly a league and whitened the breakers at a distance.

Fabricius arose and looked before him. A landscape of a fairy-like aspect presented itself to his view. At a distance of a few hundred feet a group of cocoanut trees, laden with fruit, afforded him a repast, frugal but substantial. He was saved!

For the same reason that I did not depict the tempest, I shall not describe the desert isle which became the realm of this new Robinson, admitting that it was an island and that it was deserted. I have spoken of the fairy-like aspect of the landscape; that should be sufficient and ample to satisfy the most insatiable curiosity. I shall abstain, likewise, from recounting the thousand little episodes in the life of a solitary individual, abandoned to his own resources.

What more can I add when I have said that Fabricius nourished himself with turtle eggs, cocoanuts and birds, killed with his gun; and that he drank water, pure and sparkling, from a small stream, as transparent as crystal, and that he slept on a bed of leaves and moss in a shallow grotto, the entrance to which was shaded by a dwarf palm tree?

All this constituted an easy existence, which one raised from the dead, like Frabicius, should have found very attractive. He tired of it very soon, however, and scarcely a month had passed, after his miraculous escape, than the wish seized him, and, as a momentary diversion from the great weariness that oppressed him, he resolved to see the country and to visit the domains of which he found himself king by virtue of being ship-wrecked. This determination was hardly taken than he commenced to put it in execution. The experimenter, in a nomadic circus, shouldered his gun and started, leaving, without regret, the beautiful shore to which he owed his life.

For two days he traveled, not straight ahead, but by following the flowery banks of the stream of which I have spoken, and whose meanders let him across the lovely and picturesque sites of a veritable Eden; and Fabricius asked himself now the good Lord could permit such a magnificent little corner of the world to be, at the same time, an uninhabited corner of the world.

The third day, as he emerged from a virgin forest, our hero entered a vast plain, almost entirely covered with bamboo and reeds. This plain had nothing engaging about it; and, voluntarily, he hesitated about traversing it; but it was necessary not to lose sight of the stream which meandered and rippled in the midst of the bamboo.

Scarcely had he taken two hundred steps forward than an unexpected sound caused him to tremble. Nevertheless, no unduly tion manifested itself among the bamboos or reeds. Fabricius concluded he was the object of some acoustic illusion, and he continued to advance.

Suddenly, a frightful cry, one that seemed not to escape from mortal lips, but rather to have been exhaled from the throats of a hundred demons, sounded at once on the right and on the left of him. At the same time the reeds and the bamboos were depressed over a large space, and Fabricius beheld himself surrounded by a multitude of hideous and bronzed objects, brandishing poisoned spears, skull-crackers of stone and cuirasses made of sharp bones.

The Parisian—I do not attempt to deny—experienced a moment of terrible fright; but the imminence of his danger restored to him, almost immediately, his *sang froid*.

He had his finger on the trigger of his gun. The weapon, loaded with ball, placed at his disposal the lives of two men; but what were they in the face of fifty or sixty adversaries?

Fabricius knew that if he opened fire he was lost. He recollected that he had been a professor of cudgeling, of boxing and of wrestling; and, grasping his gun by the ends of the barrels, like a cudgel, he described a horrible circle, staving in chests and breaking the skulls about him, while with kicks, vigorously and adroitly planted, he dislocated the loins of the nearest of his enemies.

Astounded at this formidable aggression of a man who, all alone, had just rendered a dozen of their number *hors de combat*, the savages beat a retreat to confer and decide what to do.

Fabricius did not push bravery to the most foolish temerity. He profited by this instant of respite to escape on the run and to disappear among the bamboos.

His adversaries gave vent to a new and awful clamor and bounded in pursuit; but, while they were finding his trail, Fabricius gained on them; and, terror giving him wings, he flew to attain the banks of a vast, marshy pond, which separated him from a deep and heavy woods. He expected at first to cross this pond by swimming, to gain the woods, but time prevented him. The ferocious shouts of the human mob burst forth close by. What was he to do?

A palm tree of an immense height appeared a few feet from him, completely isolated. To reach the top of this seemed impossible; and, at the same time, it was only child's play for the former conqueror of greased poles in Paris and in the suburbs.

Fabricius embraced the smooth and slender trunk. Then, with the rapidity and skill of a monkey, climbed to the very top in the foliage, among which he seated himself.

From this aerial observatory the fugitive could see an immense territory. Below him were the greenish waters of the pond, in which a herd of wild horses had just plunged with loud neighs. The thick, primeval forest inclosed this pond in a half circle of gigantic trunks and foliage of strange form. On the opposite side stretched the plain of bamboos; and, among the high stalks, Fabricius saw, gliding and searching, the dark, infuriated bloodhounds in his pursuit. In a few minutes they reached the hiding place and stopped, disappointed, looking along the narrow horizon and scenting, after the manner of game dogs, in the hope that the air would bring to them some human emanations.

Soon, however, the unanimous clamor of his persecutors informed him that he was discovered. At the same time a dozen arrows escaped from their bows; but—such was the height of the palm tree—these arrows failed to attain their object and fell harmless to the ground.

"If they don't establish a blockade, in regular form, around my perch," thought he, "they will never get me! Long live gymnastics! and all glory to the greased poles!"

The glee of Fabricius was of short duration. The savages conferred again for a few moments; then one of them exhibited an instrument altogether primitive, a sort of toothed blade, made of wood, as hard as steel; and, with this blade, he attacked the trunk of the palm tree.

"Ah! the villains," exclaimed Fabricius. "they are going to demolish my pedestal! I am done for; but, at any rate, the one who conceived the idea shall not profit by it!"

He took aim at the savage that was so vigorously handling the saw-like tool, and pressed the trigger. The echoes awoke, the man fell and all his companions recoiled as if struck themselves by the pale-faced stranger, who commanded the thunders.

"Shall I, by chance, be saved?" the fugitive asked himself. "I would cry, with all my might, like they do in the melodramas of my native country: 'Oui! merci, mere; mon Dieu!'" But Fabricius was not saved.

A second savage devoted himself to the work and took the saw. He tumbled like the first; a third succeeded him and met a similar fate. Fabricius fired and reloaded his weapon with a rapidity almost marvelous. He killed five of his enemies; but the palm tree, deeply hewed, trembled and swayed. Just as the Parisian aimed for the sixth time, a crackling noise was heard, the tree oscillated, and both, in their terrible fall, described the quarter of a fantastic circle.

Happily for the fugitive—it was in the direction of the pond that the fall carried him. He had not forgotten his plunges in the Saint Martin canal. He took, while in space, the irreproachable attitude of a diver emeritus. The violence with which he was impelled carried him to the profoundest depths. He swam under water and reappeared close to the opposite bank of the pond, in the midst of the herd of wild horses, enjoying the delights of a bath, which manifested their surprise and terror by frightful neighs.

It was not for naught that the name of Fabricius was shown on the circus posters in a hundred places. The ex-equestrian seized the floating mane of a stallion, and, by a simple vaulting movement, seated himself squarely on the trembling loins of the unbroken steed, which already had reached the bank of the pond, and was flying with the rapidity of an electric spark, carrying his cavalier, whom he astounded savages saw disappear under the open archway of the untrodden forest.

It was a mad pace, compared with which that of Lenore would have passed for a promenade or a little trot. Hurrah! Death or steed! Fabricius, I tell you, speed faster! The quivering stallion flew through the air with a whizz like that of a cannon ball. The circular trees, like the colonnades of a Titan's palace, seemed to vanish like phantoms. Forests succeeded plains, steppes replaced forests, and the unrestrained flight abated not.

Fabricius had vertigo; breath seemed to leave his lungs; a circle of iron appeared to bind his temples; dull sounds filled his ears; millions of sparks danced before his eyes.

Certainly at this moment he was incapable of reflecting on his present situation; and, strange thing! they were thoughts of the past that came upon him. He believed that he saw himself on the tired hindquarters of his docile horse, making, with the music of the orchestra, the rounds of the arena in an improvised circus, waving flags, brandishing swords, going through at a bound the paper covered hoops, and alighting, solidly and gracefully, on his saddle.

In the mean time the stallion sped faster than ever. He had already traversed two-thirds of an immense circle and chance alone, which had directed his headlong course, led him back towards his point of departure.

Suddenly, before him appeared a mountain, rugged and stony. Guided by his instinct, he was about to dart to the right to avoid this difficult acclivity, but there were hoarse and furious cries, cries of triumph and of vengeance, heard behind him and on either side, forcing him to follow a straight and perilous line.

Fabricius found himself in the midst of his enemies.

The stallion bounded onward and mounted the ascent with plunges unequal and furious. But on such ground, almost as sharp as a pick, the copper-colored demons ran as quickly as he. They excited him by their shouts; they tore his flanks with their spears in trying to retard his course.

Finally, surrounded, harassed exhausted, he reached the summit of the mountain. At that point there was a narrow platform which replaced a deep ravine. He comprehended the mortal peril. His limbs failed him; he fell with a snort of pain and anguish.

Fabricius, thrown over his head, passed beyond the platform and rolled into the abyss, committing his soul to God, as on the day of ship-wreck, and swooned for the second time.

* * * * * *

When he regained consciousness it was nearly dark. Before him blazed a great fire. He was relieved of all his clothing and stretched on a heap of skins of beasts. A score of savages, squatting down, formed a circle about him.

His first thought was to ask why he was not dead. Simply because, at the bottom of the ravine was a stream. Fabricius,

when he reached it, entered up to his waist a bed of mire and reed-grass, without injuring his self in the least. His shoes and trousers, soiled by thick mud and placed near the fire, gave him the solution of the enigma.

His second thought was this:

"I am going to be roasted! That is my destiny! Adieu, France! Adieu old parents in the Rue Vieille du Temple. These cannibals must have great appetites. I am going to save them the expense of a supper, and the only revenge left me in the future is to give them an indigestion."

The savages had seen Fabricius open his eyes. They arose simultaneously, with a guttural exclamation. They drew the circle around the Parisian closer, brandished their skull-crackers and stone hatchets and ——

And they fell on their knees, their faces to the ground, in token of profound respect.

"What does this mean?" asked Fabricius of himself.

You know the legendary history of Muzeppa:

"—— he ran, he flew, he fell,
And arose a king."

This was also the history of the former equestrian. His enemies, the savages, convinced that the man who had just escaped from so many successive perils must be especially protected by the great Manitou, had resolved to make him their monarch. It was necessary to reign or to roast. Fabricius did not hesitate and chose royalty.

Fifteen days after this he was tattooed. In a few months he spoke the savages' language with marvelous facility, and he reigned with a wisdom worthy of the highest eulogy.

"Since I am a king," Fabricius said one fine morning, "the least I can expect is to be lodged as a king. I am going to order my subjects to build me a palace."

This palace, consisting of one story, which contained only one room, built of granite, instead of bamboo, earth and reeds, was commenced at once. His Majesty, Fabricius First, did not deign to lend a hand to the work or to shape a stone.

In one of these stones he remarked certain yellowish and metallic streaks, which appeared worthy of his whole attention, and which an attentive examination led him to recognize as that of the purest gold. From this moment he consecrated all his leisure (and it was frequent) to gathering the auriferous particles and nuggets of the precious metal, so numerous that Fabricius' collection soon represented several millions in value.

What did he desire or expect to do with it? Undoubtedly, nothing among the savages; but Fabricius greatly hoped to again see France and Paris some day, and he hoped with so much ardor that he did not support, without impatience, the heavy burden of his royalty.

Let us abridge: Twelve years passed, and during these years the Parisian waited in vain, dragging his sceptre of reeds and completing his collection. He had enough gold, unquestionably, to load a brig.

Each day, utilizing his gymnastic talents he climbed to the top of a tall tree, fixed his eyes towards the sea, and interrogated space, like Sister Anne, and saw n thing come.

Finally, one beautiful and clear afternoon he beheld, a league off, a large, French ship, a war vessel, three-decked, which furled her immense sails and lay to, while two boats, each manned by twelve oarsmen, directed their course towards the land.

Fabricius, intoxicated with joy, descended from his perch, reached his palace on a run, dressed himself like a European in his hunting costume, still completely new, for the king had conformed to the abbreviated modes of his adopted people. He loaded his game-bag with as much gold as it could contain (the thousandth part, perhaps, of that which filled the corner of the only room in his palace), and, bending under the weight, directed his footsteps towards the shore, striving with the greatest care, not to attract the attention of his subjects, who loved him so much that, undoubtedly, they would have eaten him rather than consent to being separated from him.

He reached the shore at the same moment that the two boats of the war ship approached with a load of empty casks, which were to be filled with fresh water.

I shall not describe the astonishment of the sailors at the view of this strange personage, tattooed like a savage, dressed like a European and speaking French like themselves.

In a few words, Fabricius presented the situation to them and terminated by exclaiming:

"The king fiscal Save the king!"

They permitted the monarch to conceal himself in the bottom of one of the boats, and occupied themselves filling the casks. This work was nearly finished when they beheld the tops of the neighboring hills adorned with savages.

The natives had discovered the disappearance of their monarch, and in their language demanded him again, with frantic cries. To these cries succeeded a shower of arrows, fired at the boats. A sailor was seriously wounded.

The others responded with a discharge of firearms which killed five or six savages. The rest disappeared like grasshoppers, to soon reappear, but out of range. The oars were run out and the boats left the shore.

Fabricius then arose from his hiding place and, making his former people a lofty gesture, he said in the bantering tones of a true Parisian gamin:

"Here's to the pleasure of never seeing you again, my worthless subjects. Behold me my own master, since I have ceased to be yours; and having subjects no longer, I am no longer subjected—to weariness."

In a little less than an hour, Fabricius Potard again found himself on his native land, for the deck of a French vessel is the soil of France.

Questioned in a friendly manner by the commander of the ship, he recounted in detail what I have just related briefly.

"And here are some of the vegetables that this country produces, captain," said he, exhibiting the nuggets of gold in his game-bag.

After weighing them the officer exclaimed:

"Do you know you are rich this very moment? You have there nearly four thousand louis!"

"Very well, commander," replied Fabricius, "I left in my former palace enough for a dozen millions. Do you want to send for them?"

The captain shook his head:

"Impossible!" said he, "I am charged with a mission, and I can not, for gold, expose a single man of my expedition."

"Then don't speak of it further; and long live France! I am a bondholder! Ah! when papa comes to hear of that!"

It was only eight months after this, and after being transferred three times, that our hero finally disembarked at Marseilles. Then he realized his fortune in an order on the Bank of France; and he took the stage. At the end of twenty-eight hours he arrived in Paris. It was in the midst of the carnival season, and his tattooed visage passed for a strange disguise.

Fabricius was taken, without the loss of a minute, to the Rue Vieille-du-Temple. His parents, thanks to Heaven, were still living, and more than ever sovereigns of the lodge, into which he precipitated himself.

"What does this unsightly masker want?" exclaimed Potard senior.

"This unsightly masker is your son; he has been a king!—you are no longer doorkeepers,—you are landlords," responded Fabricius.

Gratitude, embracings, effusions, — in short, all that I can tell or that can be divined, followed.

The next day Fabricius sought the grocer, his first employer, and, slipping a roll of a hundred louis in his hand, said to him:

"Here is the price of the cordial and the ratafia that my rascally appetite led me to appropriate, once upon a time, in your store; accept this slight indemnity, and no more hard feelings."

Then came the turn of the druggist of the Rue de la Verrerie. The latter, more deeply wronged, received ten thousand francs.

Once that restitution was completely made, Fabricius placed his money in good bonds. He purchased a charming country house, on the verge of the forest of Fontainebleau. He became a member of the municipal council; he led a peaceable existence; and of his strange and adventurous life he retained only two things: his tattooed face and the right to sign, "Fabricius Potard, Ex-King."

RUNS ON BANKS.

THOSE who have not witnessed a run on a bank can hardly picture adequately to themselves the scene of mad excitement and confusion that the words imply.

There are few people who would not be seriously affected at the prospect of losing a considerable sum of money; but when the fearful ones are called upon to contemplate the sacrifice of an amount which is the result of years of saving, and the loss of which may reduce them practically to beggary, the intensity of their feelings is increased to an incredible degree.

The doors of the bank are besieged by an eager crowd, each one trying his hardest to push his way in before those around him. Every moment some excited individual, who has heard that there is a run upon the bank in which his money lies, drives or runs up, and, afraid of losing his all by being amongst the last to arrive, makes strenuous efforts to force his way to the front.

The progress of those who are vitally interested in the solvency of the bank is arrested by persons who have been attracted to the spot solely from curiosity and love of excitement, and whose presence doubles the confusion.

Those who have succeeded in making their way through the door are pushing and shouting in front of the counter, each trying to present his cheque before the other, and all hindering one another by their eagerness.

Whatever may be their feelings, they think that it is of the utmost importance that they should appear perfectly unmoved, for any sign of flurry or concern would have the effect of greatly increasing the feeling of insecurity.

Many are the tricks that have been resorted to by bankers in such circumstances. Their object is to gain time, so that the more reasonable section of their customers may have the opportunity of reflecting, and the excitement may stand some chance of working itself off.

In 1765 there was a great run on the Bank of England, which was allayed by an expedient that has been frequently resorted to since in other establishments when they have found themselves in similar straits. The eager crowd are paid entirely in silver, and care was taken to let each pound's worth include as great a variety of coins as possible, so that a considerable time might be occupied in counting out each amount that was claimed.

Mistakes were made in the hope that the customers would detect them and dispute the accuracy of the counting, and so successful were these tactics that the threatened catastrophe was averted.

It is related that one evening in the last century the authorities of a large bank received an intimation to the effect that they might expect a run upon their establishment the following day.

As it happened, the amount of ready money in their vaults was not very large, and they did not know where to turn for a sufficient sum to tide them over. In this dilemma, a brilliant idea occurred to them. He arranged with a number of painters to commence early in the morning painting the doors, doorposts, walls, and counters of the bank, and to proceed with their work in spite of any interruptions.

When the frightened depositors came to demand their money, they found it exceedingly difficult to get to the counter without bedaubing themselves with paint. In those days of embroidered coats and silken hose, it was no small matter to spoil one's clothes, and the eager merchants were fain to proceed gingerly, and one at a time.

The delay thus occasioned was the means of allowing time for a calm review of the situation, and eventually the run ceased, while the bank coffers were still fairly well filled.

At another bank, a panic was stopped by the simple expedient of placing in the windows inverted gallon measures, on the tops of which gold coins were piled, so that the measures looked as though they were brimming over with the precious metal.

A clever trick was that of the banker, who, when there was a run upon his bank, gave a couple of his clerks orders to take a quantity of sovereigns and heat them in shovels over a fire in a room behind the main office.

The hot coins were brought in and thrown on the counters before the eager mob, whose sense of touch made them the more ready to believe the assertion that sovereigns were being coined in the vaults below, and that every one should be paid all he needed as soon as there was time for the gold in the moulds to cool.

There was once a very determined run upon the leading bank of a large town. Thousands of dollars had been paid over the counter, but the rush was as great as ever, and the head cashier was beginning to despair, when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and wheels outside, and saw a carriage drive up at a furious rate.

One of the partners, who had been observed a short time before to hurriedly leave the building with a bag of gold, descend from the vehicle, and in another moment his coatman was staggering to the bank under the weight of a large sack.

As he climbed the steps through the crowd, which opened to let him pass, he stumbled, and from the mouth of the sack rolled some hundreds of coins.

Inside the carriage were to be seen several more sacks, and this apparently boundless supply of coin went so far towards restoring the feeling of confidence that men, who a moment before had been clamoring for their money in the wildest way, went peacefully about their business. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to explain that the sacks contained nothing more valuable than earth, that the coins which the wily banker had taken with him were placed on the top of one of them, and that the clumsy footman had been duly initiated into the part he was to play.

Hard-pressed banks have sent some of their employes to mingle with the throng of depositors, and, after drawing large sums in cash, come up to the counter and redeposit them, repeating the operation until a feeling of confidence is engendered in the minds of the sceptical ones.

One cashier saved his bank by submitting every note that was presented during a run to the most searching scrutiny, holding it up to the light, and testing its goodness in every conceivable way before he passed it on to a subordinate with instructions to pay it.

Such are some of the measures that have been successfully adopted in allaying the panic caused by a rumor inimical to the credit of any particular bank. Their extreme transparency goes far to prove the assertion that it is only the most ignorant of the depositors who have, as a rule, joined in a run on a bank.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.—A pretty legend tells how St. Nicholas came to be considered the patron saint of children. One day, passing by a wretched house he heard weeping within. Stepping softly to the open window, he heard a father lamenting the wretched fate to which his three lovely daughters were doomed to poverty. St. Nicholas's gentle heart was touched. He returned at night, and threw in at the window three bags of gold sufficient for the dowry of the girls.

His kindness to them, and to many others equally wretched, made him regarded as the especial benefactor of children. As such we love to think of him, rather than as the sturdy opponent of heretics and pagans, or even as the champion of the Christian faith in the bloody persecution under Diocletian. In Russia he is reverenced as the chief saint of the Greek Church, but in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Austria it is as the children's saint that he is chiefly honored. The good Dutch burghers who founded New Amsterdam placed the little settlement under his care. It has grown to be the great city of New York, but his name is no less honored in the splendid metropolis than in the humble Dutch town.

SLEEP is a generous thief; he gives to vigor what he takes from time.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The manager of a New York establishment employing many girls tells the *Sun*: "Until a very short time ago we received every day nearly as many letters for the girls in our employ as for the firm. The greater part of these letters came from young men with whom the girls were carrying on a flirtation. Not a few cases that resulted disastrously to the girls from this apparently harmless amusement came to our notice. Then we determined to put a stop to the practice. We informed the girls that letters for them would not be received by us, but would be returned to the Post Office."

The increase in the use of electric lights and electric motors is shown to have been greater during the past few years than most people imagine. "The number of electric lighting companies in the United States and Canada operating central stations at the beginning of 1889 was 450. This number had increased at the beginning of 1887 to 750, at the beginning of 1889 to nearly 1200 and at the beginning of 1890 to 1277, including 25 in Mexico and Central America. Meantime 266 gas companies had engaged in electric lighting, so that the total number of companies engaged in electric lighting at present is 1543. The number of isolated or private incandescent and arc light plants at the beginning of 1887 was about 2004. Now there are 3025 private plants in the United States.

Workmen engaged in building a sewer in West Goshen township, Chester county, a day or two ago, had occasion to dig away a portion of a bank on Chester creek, and, in doing so, made entrance into a hole about six inches in diameter. After examining the hole they were startled by seeing emerge therefrom a large snake. This they killed, whereupon another reptile, and then another, came crawling out. The men came to the conclusion that they were at the entrance of a snake den, and prepared themselves for snake killing. One of the men dug while the other watched, and in a few minutes the end of the den was reached, and, with a club and spade, the men killed forty more snakes, ranging in length from eight inches to nearly three feet.

The battlefields around Atlanta afford a curious industry to the street gamins. It is the gathering up of Minie balls and bullets of various sorts. After a rain or snow the bullets become exposed on the surface, and women and boys gather up baskets full of these leaden reminders of the siege of Atlanta. A store, on West Peters street, is one of the greatest repositories. They bring the result of their gleanings there and dispose of the miscellaneous crop of relics for about five cents a pound in exchange for merchandise. The plumbers and hardware men pay from three to five cents a pound for the lead in bulk, and thus the battered reminders of the war find their way into the joints of lead and iron piping that are being laid in the streets and in the dwellings of the growing city. Many of the bullets are curiously battered into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and would prove a feast for the relic-hunter who would take the trouble to go through them and select the rarer specimens.

The owl craze has struck Washington with full force. One correspondent there writes about it: Owls here, owls there, owls everywhere! Verily one would think that owls had saved the American Capital as the geese did Rome. Five small, but monstrous, imitation owls, made of real feathers, but not owl feathers, with gilt halos around their staring eyes, swing upon a perch in the drawing room of my boarding house. In the room of a friend the splasher for the washstand is embroidered with owls. In the show windows on the streets I see owls of all imaginable varieties, from the genuine bird, stuffed in life-like hideousness, to a pair of plush owls in a jeweller's window, with diamond eyes and amber beak set in gold, and with golden or gilt claws, I cannot tell which. Ornamenting the windows of a private residence I saw a transparent owl, and at a house where I called the inevitable owl sat perched on a candlestick on the mantelpiece.

This story of the loss of a diamond comes from Cincinnati: The stone, valued at $40, belonged to a pawnbroker, and was missing from the window when he opened the store on Monday. He was positive he had seen it there late Saturday night, and calling his son the two searched the shop high and low, but could not find the diamond. Afterwards a neighbor, talking to the pawnbroker, incidentally remarked: "Had quite a time last night watching a rat in your show-window." "Rat in my window! What's that?" The neighbor then explained: "A number of us were sitting in front of the St. James Hotel about 8 o'clock. The electric light was burning brightly in the window, when along came a woman who, stopping a moment, looked in and shrieked, 'A rat!' We all rushed over, and sure enough there was a big gray fellow, at least a foot long, skipping around among the diamonds and breast pins, smelling the silver spoons and listening to the ticks of the clocks." This information gave the pawnbroker an idea, and, quickly returning to his store, he went on to watch for the rodent. The latter came out on a foraging expedition, and being caught and killed, was cut open and the missing diamond found in its stomach.

Our Young Folks.

ONE AT A TIME.

BY M. BROWNE.

"A FIGHT! A fight!"

Every boy who heard the cry dropped his bat and ball, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to join the crowd, which was quickly collecting in one corner of the playground.

"A fight! A fight!"

The master heard the cry, too, and went out to see what was the matter.

By the time he reached the crowd nearly every boy in the school had joined it, and all were so busy watching that at first no one noticed the master.

All eyes were fixed upon four red-faced, hot, and breathless boys, who were hard at work with their fists.

The master watched them for one moment, then he made his way into the circle.

"Boys," he said, "what is the quarrel about? Three boys attacking one boy, and that one a new boy—what does it mean?"

There was silence, and then one of the boys said very quietly—

"Please, sir, it wasn't a quarrel at all, sir."

"And it was the new boy's fault," said another; "he said he was strong enough to fight three of us at once, so we thought we would let him try."

The master could not help smiling.

"Is this true, Rex Armstrong?" he said.

Rex nodded.

"I wanted to show them that I was not afraid, and that I could fight."

The master looked at him; he had evidently been getting the worst of it."

"Don't you think," said the master, "that it would have been better to try one at a time, not three at once?"

The boys began to laugh, the master turned away, the crowd broke up, and Rex was left alone.

He was angry and disappointed—angry because he had been laughed at, and disappointed because the fight had been stopped, and he had been prevented from showing the boys how strong he was.

He wanted to make them admire him, and he knew they admired strength. He wanted to be popular. But he had begun the wrong way. The boys only thought him boastful, not strong, and they laughed at him, and called him old "One at a time."

For some time after the fight Rex found that it was no use trying to gain favor in the playground.

He made up his mind to work hard at his lessons, and see if he could get the boys to admire his cleverness.

The master was pleased, and praised him. Indeed he said one day in school that he wished all the boys would work as hard as Rex Armstrong, and that if the others did not mind, Rex would get all the prizes.

This speech made him still more unpopular with the boys, for it made them all jealous of him.

"Don't take all the prizes, you good boy," said one of them: "one at a time, you know; remember your name."

Rex began to think he would never get the boys to like him, much less ever be popular among them.

As the boys took so little notice of him he gave up spending his play-time with them.

Not far from the school was an old farm-house standing in a large garden. The place reminded him of his own home, for he was a country boy, and Rex very often went there, and soon made friends with the farmer.

One afternoon he went up to the farm as usual. The farmer was out; so Rex lay down on the grass, behind a big bush, and made himself comfortable.

He had not been there long before he heard voices, and peeping from his hiding-place, saw that two of the schoolboys were standing in the garden, staring at the bees.

"Honey would do," said the first; "you know we were each to get something for the party."

Rex pricked up his ears. So they were going to have a party among themselves, and he was not invited.

"Honey would do capitally," went on the first boy; "perhaps the farmer would sell some."

"Only we have not any money," said the second.

"Apples would be better," said the first boy again.

"The farmer is out; let us help ourselves, and pay him next time we get our pocket-money."

Then there was a long talk which Rex Armstrong could not hear.

He lay still, thinking what he should do. Ought he to stop the boys?

But while he was thinking the boys were acting, and when he peeped again they were both up the tree, putting apples into their pockets as quickly as they could. Rex jumped up.

"Hullo; you boys!" he said: "you know you ought not do that."

The boys looked down.

"Well, I never!" said the bigger of the two, "if it isn't old 'One at a time.'"

But the smaller boy was frightened, and had begun to come down. He was nearly on the ground when his foot slipped, and he fell—not on to the grass at the foot of the tree, but on to one of the bee-hives.

Over went the hive, and out flew the bees, buzzing angrily round the boy.

He was very frightened, and commenced to scream and wave his hands about.

"Keep still, keep still!" cried Rex, running up to his schoolfellow; "you'll be stung if you don't keep still."

The other boy came down from the tree quickly, for he saw the farmer coming.

Rex and the farmer together managed to get the bees back into the hive, and away from the boy.

"Now, young gentlemen," said the farmer, "this is a nice to-do. Who is to pay for my spoilt hive?"

The two boys did not speak, but Rex came to the rescue.

"It isn't quite spoilt, farmer," he said. "I'll help you get it right."

The farmer looked less angry, and would probably have forgiven the boys there and then, for he thought the bees had punished them enough; but at that moment he caught sight of the apples which they had picked sticking out of their pockets.

"What are those you have there?" he asked sternly.

The boys all began speaking at once.

"One at a time! One at a time!" said the farmer, and the boys looked at Rex.

"They were going to pay you for them," said Rex; "and if you tell me how much you want I'll pay you now."

The farmer smiled.

"Oh, that's a very different story," he said. "Well, well, never mind this time. Be off with the pair of you, and be thankful that Rex was with you."

The boys ran off, and Rex stayed to help the farmer.

When he went back to school later, he found that a change had taken place. The story of the scrape had become known all over the school, and instead of being the most unpopular boy, he was the most popular.

All the boys wanted to shake his hand, until at last he was obliged to cry out—

"One at a time, you know, one at a time."

The boys laughed.

"You shan't be called old 'One at a time' any longer," they said.

But the nickname was easier to get than to get rid of, and to the end of his school days Rex Armstrong was always known as old "One at a time."

SAVED BY AN UMBRELLA.

BY A. SOMERSET.

"GOOD-BYE, mother."

"Good-bye, darlings. Be as quick as you can, and I will have some bread and milk ready for you by five o'clock."

So the two little maidens, who had spent a very merry and a very happy Christmas Day, started off the next morning to take Christmas gifts to an old friend of their mother's who lived in a lonely cottage about three miles off.

The children were but small, and the basket full of good things to eat and the bundle of warm things to wear were pretty heavy burdens to carry; and by the time they had gone half a mile they were obliged to lean against a gate to rest.

With many breaks they accomplished the first two miles of their journey, and were actually in sight of the river when the snow began to fall in big flakes, which looked indeed like feathers from some frozen bird.

"Is it going to snow hard, Jack?" asked Amy of the boy who stood, with his dog Rush, at the ferry.

Jack thought that there was going to be a big snow-storm, and he cautioned his friends not to stop long at the cottage.

"Isn't the river very full?" said Janet, looking at the swiftly-running water.

"Fuller than it's been for ten years, father says. I expect it's the snow, and the long rains we had in the autumn. But I can manage the boat well enough, never fear. It only makes it a little awkward for landing this side. I'd better get out and hold the boat, or you may slip. Now sit still till I get ashore," said Jack, as they reached the foot of the hill, at the top of which stood Widow Mason's house. "It's generally quite shallow here, but it's deep now. I'll jump over and haul the punt up a bit, then you can land easily."

Leaning on his punting pole, Jack jumped. The little girls sat obediently under an umbrella, and then heard a splash. Instead of jumping on the ground, Jack's foot had slipped somehow, and he was in the water.

He was a strong boy, and a good swimmer, and it would have mattered little to him to get a soaking, but a scream from the two girls struck terror to his heart.

Before he could scramble out of the river the punt was being carried broadside on down the stream at the rate of four or five miles an hour. His pole, too, was gone, and he was alone, wet through and helpless.

There was Widow Mason's cottage, indeed, but that was the only building in sight, and she was a rheumaticky old woman of seventy.

The nearest village on that side of the river was a mile off, and whilst he was running there for help what would become of the punt and the children?

For a moment Jack stood choked with tears, big boy as he was. The river was dangerous enough lower down for those who knew it well.

It wound about into a regular loop, or hook, as it was called; with shallows, where the water tore like mad. The only safe course was in the middle, and even then, if you were not careful, you might be carried to the weir.

After a moment's thought Jack ran to the village as fast as the heavy snow would let him.

Meanwhile, the poor little girls sat in the punt. After the first cry of terror they seemed paralysed with fright. A bend in the river hid their friend Jack from them, and it was a minute or two before they could speak.

"Where are we going?" asked Amy at last.

"God will take care of us," whispered Janet, putting her arms round Amy, and sobbing on her neck.

Suddenly the punt grated on the ground. It had drifted to one of the shallows, and could not move farther. It was a relief to be stopped in that fearful course, which made them half dizzy as they watched the swirling waters; and after making sure that they were not going to be carried on yet awhile, the children remembered that they were hungry, and began to wonder whether it would be wrong to eat some of the good things provided for Widow Mason.

Having made up their minds that it would be right if they saved up their pocket-money to get some more for her, the poor mites refreshed themselves with a good meal.

By the time they had finished they noticed that the bottom of the punt was about three inches thick with snow, so steadily had it been falling.

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" they cried together.

"We shall be like the Babes in the Wood," sobbed Amy, "only we shall be covered with snow instead of leaves."

Those hopeless words roused the elder sister to action. She must, she would save Amy, if she could not save herself. Looking carefully round, she noticed that as the stream had driven the boat broadside across the river, there was a space of only about a couple of yards between the end of the punt and one side of the shore. If she could only push the boat a little farther they could land.

All on a sudden she thought of the umbrella. It was big, and it was strong, and although she had never had a pole in her hand, she had so often watched Jack and his father that she thought she knew how to punt.

With desperate exertions she managed to move the boat a little way, but soon the umbrella became too heavy, soaked with water, for her numbed hands to manage it. About a yard of water now lay between them and land. Seizing a bundle of holly which lay in the punt, Janet dropped it over carefully. It did not float off, so she knew that it had touched the bottom.

"Now the bundle, quick!"

Over went the bundle on top of the holly, and then, without a moment's warning, over went Janet with a spring. One foot went on to the temporary bridge, the other touched the shore, which, fortunately, ran sloping down to the water.

Well might poor Amy scream as she saw herself alone in that dreadful punt; but an instant after, Janet cried, "Give me hold of the umbrella, quick!"

The little girl ran to the very end of the punt, and stretched out her arm till her sister could grasp the umbrella handle, and pull with all her might.

Another minute, and the two children were on firm land once more, glad enough to be there, and quite forgetting that they had left the basket of provisions in the punt.

They were alone now in a strange place, for the snow so changed everything that they had not the least idea where they were. Weary and cold, they struggled on for a time, and then, seeing no house, hearing no sound of human life, the gave up the struggle, and settled down to rest by the side of a bank.

"This is nearly as good as a bed," said Amy sleepily, ready as usual to make the best of everything.

"I'll put up the umbrella—that will keep a little of the snow off. Good night, Amy."

"Good-night, Janet. God bless dear father and—"

The prayer was unfinished, the children fell asleep, and the snow came down softly, turning the black umbrella into a canopy of white.

Jack, meanwhile, had sought for help, and found brave hearts and willing hands ready to search for the little ones. Two men went off in a boat, but they were at least an hour behind the punt, and when they found it, it was bottom upwards on the other side of the weir. What wonder that they thought the little ones were dead?

Before starting down the river, Jack got them to pull him across to the ferry-hut; there he only stayed to tell his father what had happened, then sped off to the children's parents.

Oh, what a tale of woe he had to carry! The mother and father insisted on starting at once to follow the course of the river by land, in case of the children having got off the boat; so Jack went with them, followed by his dog Rush. One villager after the other joined, till at last a band of twenty were scouring the fields.

It was long past midnight when the dog became excited. He had been given a garment belonging to each of the children to smell, and suddenly he turned round and went in an opposite direction to that in which they had been going.

Then he came to a full stop, and began frantically scratching at what looked like a huge overgrown mushroom.

In another minute the strange-looking thing laden with snow was tipped over, and there lay the little ones, cold and exhausted indeed, but still breathing, saved by the umbrella.

The only bad result was a violent cold for poor Janet, who was more delicate than Amy, but she had so many presents sent to her by people who heard of her brave conduct, that I think she rather enjoyed staying in bed to look at them.

HOW TO AVOID DOCTORS.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back on anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car, for a moment; it is dangerous to health, and cold results.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in regular condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Mere warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

SLAMMER: "The boys have organized a football team." Drummer: "That's fortunate. You may be able to put something in my way. Here's my card. I represent a firm of crutch manufacturers."

CHANGED.

BY SUSANNA J.

How all the aspect of her life has changed!
Once she sat here with neatly braided hair,
With robe and collar carefully arranged,
Waiting for one who told her she was fair.

Waiting for him whose language had beguiled
Her with the sweetest of all earthly dreams,
First roused the woman's nature in the child,
And filled her quiet life with sunny gleams.

How sadly changed! for now she sits alone,
Watching the moon upon its upward way,
Her thoughts far wandering to the absent one
Whose falsehood darken'd her life's early day.

What of the other? Life has changed for him;
Dark are the shadows resting on his soul,
For now the purifying light is dim
Which once allured him to a higher goal.

The idol car of Mammon has pass'd o'er
The hopes and aspirations of his youth;
His better nature speaks to him no more—
His own heart has quench'd the light of Truth.

IN COMMON USE.

Geography has given many names to things well known and in common use.

The animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms can each adduce examples to swell the list.

The animal world is perhaps the least prolific in such instances of nomenclature, from the fact that animals are the less common articles of exportation, and, as a general rule, flourish only in the climates of which they are natives.

Some birds, however, occur to our mind. The name of the canary, the little songster which gladdens our nurseries by its cheerful notes, points us to its original home, the islands off the western coast of Africa, whence its first emigrant ancestor was brought some three centuries ago.

It is remarkable, however, that the brilliant yellow plumage, from which we derive a word distinctive of its delicate color, is a result of domestic breeding, and is not found among the wild birds of the Fortunate Island.

The gaily plumaged pheasants transport our minds to the eastern shores of the Black Sea, where the river Phasis (now called the Rioni) gave its name to the winged natives of the district which it watered.

And when we pass into our farmyards, the strutting little bantam reminds us of the province in the far off island of Java, once in the debatable possession between Dutch and English.

Of the numerous names of plants and fruits which enter into our subject we need but mention as typical examples, cherry, from the city Cerasus, in a northern province of Asia Minor, whence the tree was first brought to Italy; damson, the Damascene plum; currants, believed to have been derived from the city of Corinth, on the authority of a line of Juvenal; indigo, the Indian dye, from the growth of the plant in India; and tobacco, the honor of naming which is claimed by no fewer than three distinct places: Tobacco, a province of Yucatan, the Caribbean island of Tobago; and Tobasco, in the Gulf of Florida.

Mineral products which take their names from the places where they were first discovered are not much more rare.

Magnet and lodestone are severally deducible from Magnesia and the ancient province of Lydia in which it was situated.

Alabaster took its name from Alabastron in Upper Egypt, where it abounded; even as many precious stones, chalcedony, agate, sardius, and the like betray in their names the places whose soil they once enriched.

Calico is derived from Calicut, an Indian kingdom on the coast of Malabar. The art of weaving this cloth had been practised in the East for centuries, calico printing even had been long carried on in a somewhat primitive fashion. Dimity no longer hails only from Damietta; and the word damask is applied to less gorgeous fabrics than those which issued from Damascus to satisfy oriental ideas of magnificence. Muslins came first from Mosul, nankeen from the city of Nanking, in China. Cashmere bespeaks still more unmistakably its own origin. Holland bring our thoughts nearer home; while cambric came originally, and we believe comes still, from the French town of Cambrai.

Space forbids that we should increase the list of industries relating to dress materials further than by recalling the little Norfolk town where worsted was extensively spun at an early date.

Before passing altogether from the subject of clothing, we must also give to the Italian city of Milan the credit of giving us the word milliner. It points to a time when the capital of Lombardy 'gave the law to Europe in all matters of taste, dress, and elegance.' The now almost obsolete mantua maker would seem to claim for another town, not far distant, some share of this honor, which Paris now monopolises.

Other traces of our indebtedness to foreign commerce are not difficult to find. The word parchment may be traced back through its Latin form to Pergamos, a city in that province of Asia Minor which has been so prolific in giving geographical names.

The name of one of the largest Eastern states, and one of the most advanced for many centuries in every branch of science and practical knowledge—that is China—adheres with a strange pertinacity to every kind of porcelain. The connoisseur may speak glibly of Delft, of Majolica, of old Chelsea, and many another variety, but to each and all of them, even as to the commonest stoneware, he applies, despite its incongruity and contradiction, the generic name of China. The celebrity of Chinese porcelain in ancient days must account for this verbal absurdity. If we may credit their own annals, the ceramic art was not unknown to the Chinese 2797 B C. Be this as it may—and the inquiry certainly does not concern us by any relation to the English language—Chinese porcelain was very early famous; and each dynasty of kings vied with its predecessors in introducing new and improved colors and decorations. In process of time its fame, and at a later date its manufacture, spread westwards.

The neighboring country of Japan gives us a name for the mode of decorative varnishing, which is practiced in boxes, trays, &c.

VERACITY.—The groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchorground, there is substance at the centre. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it; and, to an immense extent, that is saying that we cannot act at all. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your feet into the mire.

Grains of Gold.

Principle is a passion for truth.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Excitement is the drunkenness of the spirits.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Trifles render us miserable, but trifles also console us.

Love looks through a telescope; envy through a microscope.

It is with sorrows as with countries,—each man has his own.

Reason bears disgrace, courage combats it, patience surmounts it.

Our virtues live upon our income; and our vices consume our capital.

One may live tranquilly in a dungeon, but does life consist in living quietly?

It is easy to assume a habit, but when you try to cast it off it will take skin and all.

Of perpetual mourning there is none; no clouds remain fixed. The sun will shine to-morrow.

Wickedness consists in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

He that would be sure to have his business well done, must either do it himself, or see to the doing of it.

Labor is the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world, whether in verse or stone, whether poetry or pyramids.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

Femininities.

Winter is the favorite marrying season.

Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing.

December 31 is a favorite wedding day in Scotland.

A mother should feel as she ought, and she will look as she feels.

He: "Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antique?" She: "I don't know; how much have you got?"

A well educated but needy woman, in Connecticut, recently offered to sell her body (after death) to a physician, for dissection, for $100.

With a new 2-cent stamp, a new postal card and the new style letter-boxes, writing notes will be a more attractive occupation than ever.

A tailor made girl and a ready made young man wooed the beautiful sunshine recently without their winter wraps. Interment private and no flowers.

The colors of half mourning, violet, gray and black, are the favorites of the season for street and church by ladies of fashion who believe firmly in the finess of things.

There are no old maids in Japan. If a girl is not married by a certain age, the authorities take the matter in hand and choose a husband, whom she is compelled to accept.

In a breach of promise case, The Court: "What is your age, madam?" The plaintiff, "Must I answer?" "You must." "Why, Judge I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves."

It is not often that a queen finds herself without a change of dress. This was, however, the fate of her Majesty of Belgium recently. Her wardrobe had been destroyed in the conflagration of the royal palace.

Mrs Seeker: "I have two daughters in society this winter, and I'm on the go all the time. Your daughter isn't going out much, I believe?" Mrs. Found: "Oh, no. You see she got engaged in October, and she doesn't have to."

Little Edith: "Mamma, did you say that we should all know each other in heaven?" Mamma: "Yes, my child." Edith. "You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see?"

A lady's maid, seeing her mistress struggling with a stamp that would not stick, rubbed it on the mucilage on the flap of the envelope and put it in its place. It was an ingenious way out of a common difficulty well worth remembering.

Queen Victoria's usual dinner beverage is a pale sherry, and she drinks it from a beautiful gold cup, which has come down to her from her predecessor, Queen Anne. The table is always lighted with candles placed in golden candelabra.

A lady took her little daughter out to tea, and was much shocked to see her try to put a thin piece of bread and butter into her pocket. "Why, what are you doing?" asked the mother. "I thought I would take this piece home to keep for a pattern."

Mrs. Hickes: "What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?" Miss Wickes: "From Paris."

"Have you a good place now, Bridget?" "Yes, good enough, only they photograph everything." "Well, I don't see why you should find fault with that." "Well, I don't just like to have them photograph every piece of meat that comes into the house."

He: "You wouldn't be so extravagant if you knew how hard I have to work for my money." She: "And if you only stopped to think, you wouldn't say such a thing. Just see how hard I had to work to get the bonnet. Why, I had to visit a hundred stores before I could find one to suit me."

The Queen of England's granddaughter, the Duchess of Fife, has turned out to be one of the most democratic young persons in Great Britain. She wanders about the streets with her husband, looking into the shop windows, and when she goes to the theatre she sits with the commoners and roars at the fun.

Mrs. Riverside Rives: "My dear Miss Fulton, how lovely to see you here! Were parties very different in your day?" Miss Ann Fulton: "Well, somewhat. In my day the girls wore one-buttoned gloves, and dressed buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one-buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to the neck."

The belles in society whose names are seen so often among bridesmaids, seem not afraid of the omen. "Always a bridesmaid, never a bride." "The more the merrier," says one of these maids, who has been on duty a half dozen times or more since October. "I have caught the bride's bouquet twice, and see all my souvenirs?"

The Prince of Wales wears a No 10 boot, while his dress pumps are of the finest German patent leather and No. 9 in size. The Princess Louise wears a No. 5 in a walking boot or a No. 4½ in Oxford ties. In her wardrobe there are a couple of pairs of shoes to match every dress, and a lot of colored Russia leather, morocco and black shoes.

The big high collars that the women wear to lean their pretty heads against these cold days are now made detachable from the coat or cape, so that the garment can serve for either mild or severe weather. The women manage to get on the collar as often as possible, however, for reaching about the back of the head up to the ears it makes a becoming background for the face.

Do women powder? Well, there are 78 tints listed by the beauty dealers. Not only is the complexion carefully studied, but the dress is put on and the powder tried. Rice or French chalk usually makes the tint of the fabric. Of greens there are 14 powders; 25 browns were compounded for the cinnamon, amber, almond and seal shades so very popular last season, and pink brocades, mauve tulles and yellow crepes all have their complementary tones in the beauty boxes.

Masculinities.

If a man would look rosy and round he must have square meals.

Love is a species of intoxication that swells the heart instead of the head.

It seems paradoxical to say it, but some rich men have more dollars than sense.

Emperor William is 31 years old. He has a great future before him, if he lives to realize it.

Good manners include not merely pleasant things said and done, but unpleasant ones left undone.

Show no curiosity to know your friend's secret, and he will tell you the secret to convince you that he has one.

A man is very like a buckwheat cake in this weather. He is disinclined to rise, and when he does he is sour and heavy.

The man who is sure he can't be wrong is always the very one to find that it is the impossible which always happens.

There is a great deal of fun in being poor. Rich men cannot make love without being sued for breach of promise.

Bashfulness is very becoming sometimes to a young man, but it is well for him to get over it if he is going to board.

A male attendant in a hospital for the insane at Columbus, Ohio, has eloped with one of the patients, a young lady, 19 years old.

Nearly double as many cigarettes are smoked during July, August and September as during any other three months of the year.

"Will you share my lot with me?" asked he of the real estate agent's daughter. "What is it worth a front foot?" calmly inquired the sweet creature.

Teacher: "What is meant by the expression 'mother tongue?'" Boy: "It means that the old man don't have much to say about the house."

Miss Lucy, his very dear friend: "I hear, Mr. Johnson, that you are engaged. Is it so?" Mr. Johnson: "Well, I guess that story got started last week—I was engaged then."

"The Czar," according to a London newspaper, "is a very illiterate man. He writes a school-boy hand, and his MS. is full of errors in grammar and orthography."

Doctor: "Take these powders as directed and your cold will be gone in two or three days." Patient: "You seem quite hoarse, doctor." Doctor: "Yes; I've had a cold for four weeks."

By proxy. Husband: "Where is my wife, Anna?" Maid: "She's just gone upstairs, sir." "Well, just give her this kiss, dear—I have to catch a train in five minutes and can't wait."

"What your daughter wants," said a candid music teacher to an ignorant millionaire, "is capacity." "Is that so?" was the reply. "Well, then, I'll order one right off, no matter what it costs!"

Congressman Joe Wheeler weighs 95 pounds, while Congressman Barnes carries the palm for adipose tissue by tipping the beam at 420 pounds, and says he wouldn't take $1,000 for a single pound of flesh.

Ed: "I hear Mrs. Bellair is married again. Isn't it rather soon after her first husband's death?" Bob: "Yes, but there were extenuating circumstances. Her second husband was the undertaker who buried her first."

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife—the husband having died first—is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries: "I am anxiously awaiting you—A. D. 1827." "Here I am A. D. 1867." The good lady had taken her time about it.

One of the fat pastorages of the country is that of the Old South Church, of Boston, which has just raised the salary of its pastor, the Rev. George A. Gordon, to $8 000 a year and a free parsonage, and have voted him a three-months' vacation each year.

To marry for money, beauty, home, or selfishness is debasing. Character is of far more consequence than any of these; and a happy marriage depends much more on a good, loving, patient character than all the circumstances of time, place and money combined.

Singleton, who has been away for two years: "I haven't seen you with Miss Bjlnks since my return; do you see much of her now?" Benedict, sorrowfully: "No; I don't see her very often." "I thought you and she were engaged. Did she break it off?" "No; we were married!"

Women are finding a new employment in serving legal papers in New York. Almost all prominent law firms employ a man solely to serve papers; but often the server runs up against some individual whom it is impossible for him to get at. Women are especially hard to serve.

"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jimmy?" "You bet. You take her to the theayter and bring her candies." "I'm glad I can make her happy." "Yes, and the young feller what she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money toward going to housekeeping."

"Thank God! there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" said Sam Jones at an Omaha meeting the other night, as a round-faced, good-natured man rose in response to Sam's question if such a person was present. The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "I haven't any wife. I'm a bachelor!"

Three dudes met in the smoking room of Miner's Theatre, New York, recently, and silently shook hands. They all wore crape on their lilies, and from the mournful expression they assumed it appeared as if they had met with some bereavement. This was not so, however. The fact is they were three young saplings who married before they were scarcely out of their teens, and not being able to support their wives the latter had procured divorces from them. It has become quite a fad recently for divorced dudes to wear crape on their hats.

Recent Book Issues.

"Joshua" is a story of Biblical times by the celebrated German author Prof. George Ebers. Of this school of novels it may be said that they serve a fine double purpose: they are splendid reading in themselves so far as their mere novel value is concerned and their historical religious and social features make them additionally entertaining. "Joshua" is the best of its class that has yet appeared and may be commended on all grounds. Published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"A Study of Ben Jonson" by the famous English poet Swinburne has just been issued. He takes up the works of Shakspeare's great contemporary and shows by pointing out his many literary beauties, that Jonson has been of late years undeservedly consigned to almost general neglect, in a sketchy, but nevertheless, comprehensive manner Mr. Swinburne goes over all his various productions and gives good reasons why Jonson should be returned to his original position among the popularly read leaders of our literature. Finely printed and bound. Published by Worthington & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The leading article in the February *St. Nicholas* is "The Story of the Great Storm at Samoa," retold by John P. Dunning, who was correspondent at Samoa for the Associated Press, when the great disaster occured. The article is richly illustrated. "A Wonderful Pair of Slippers" is a correspondence between Mark Twain and Elsie Leslie concerning a testimonial constructed for the little actress by Mr. Clemens and Mr. Gillette. Walter Camp has an article on Foot-Ball, which is illustrated from instantaneous photographs. Prof. Frederick D. Chester has something to say about "Every-day Bacteria," and there are stories, sketches, poetry and other literary and pictorial attractions in profusion—making an excellent number of the best family magazine printed. The Century Co., New York.

The February *Eclectic* opens its excellent list of contents with a paper by Grant Allen on "Practical Religion." Pasteur concludes his dissertation on "Rabies," and Mrs. Jeune contributes an article on the women question. Robert Browning is ably discussed in short papers from the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator*. Sir Wm. Dawson explains the question of the Deluge. The beginnings of reform in Persia are described by E. F. G. Law, a highly competent authority. Edward Clodd has an able paper on "The Origin of Death." The retrospect of Stanley's expedition is by a well-known geographical authority, J. Scott Keltie. Prof. Huxley does his great reputation justice in the paper, "The Natural Inequality of Man." Swinburne has a series of sonnets on Browning, the recently dead poet, and an excellent article by Dr. Charles Mackay, who died a short time since, is entitled "The Ascertainment of English." Several able minor articles, stories, and poems complete a very readable and entertaining number. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

The midwinter (February) *Century* is notable among other things for the final instalment of the Lincoln biography. There are also two poems on Lincoln. The frontispiece of the number is the enlargement of a full-length photograph of Ralph Waldo Emerson, taken about 1859. As an accompaniment to the picture is a paper made up of Emerson's talks with a college boy. In this number is begun the publication of the artist La Farge's letters from Japan, with illustrations prepared by the author. There are two timely papers on the Congo—the first describing a trip made by the U. S. Commissioner, Tisdel, in 1884, and the second giving an idea of the Congo river of to-day, written by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's former officers. "A Corner of Old Paris" is an interesting article by Miss Balch, profusely illustrated. Prof. Thorpe gives his reasons for thinking that Washington and Montana have made a mistake in their constitutions; and Commissioner Roosevelt defends the Merit System vs. the Patronage System. Prof. Fisher has a third paper on "The Nature and Method of Revelation." Pictures of several newly discovered terra-cottas illustrate an article by Charles de Kay, entitled "A Side Light on Greek Art." Frank R. Stockton, A. A. Hayes and H. S. Edwards furnish the fiction, and among the poets are R. H. Stoddard, Walt Whitman, J. W. Riley, Clinton Scollard, and others. The departments are well supplied with good reading. The Century Co., New York.

MANY women look upon devotion to their households, constant self-sacrifice in little things, and neglect of themselves as heroic, and glory in sufferings endured, as they think, for the benefit of their husbands and families; but, if they injure their health by such self-imposed "fads," the loss to their families is very serious. It is the duty of a wife to retain her good looks and usefulness as long as she can for her husband's sake, and this can be done only by obeying the laws of health.

Solomon *did not*, as many believe, discover the formula of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Salvation Oil has many competitors in the market but no rivals. Price only 25 cts.

IN THE FAR WEST.

THE INDIAN braves, or bucks as they are called on the frontier, consider it beneath their dignity to take any active part in the distribution of rations at the several agencies in the Far West, except at such times as live cattle are distributed for beef; then they appear mounted and armed, anxious to exhibit their ability as horsemen and marksmen. These times are the only chances they now have to enact again the scenes of the buffalo hunt, and glad are they to take advantage of the opportunity.

On such an occasion, the cattle corral, usually situated a few miles from the agency buildings, presents a picture both novel and interesting. Inside are the cattle to be given out, one head to so many families of Indians; and these animals being nearly as wild as the buffalo, add to the interest. Assembled around the outside of the corral you will find the Indians attended by the squaws, to whose lot falls the works of skinning and dressing the cattle after they have been killed by the braves, who believe that any kind of the manual labor is beneath them. While awaiting the arrival of the agent, whose duty it is to deliver the animals, and see that they are properly distributed, these children of the plains amuse themselves with horse racing and exhibiting their skill in horsemanship; or they sit around on the grass smoking, while the squaws hold their horses in readiness for them to mount as soon as the time arrives. In smoking, the Indian exhibits a peculiarity which to a white man would be very distasteful; the pipes are passed from hand to hand around the circle, each man taking a few whiffs, and passing the pipe to his nearest right-hand neighbor. You cannot offer an Indian a greater insult than to refuse to smoke from his pipe when he offers it.

But the approach of the agent is the signal for general activity; the horses are mounted, and the Indians assemble near the gate of the corral, from which the cattle are driven out one at a time. As soon as the poor animals find themselves free, they naturally start on a run for their fresh feeding grounds.

Then the sport commences, for as each animal is let out, it is followed by a number of yelling Indians, as fast as their ponies can run, shooting arrows into its sides until it either receives a mortal wound, or drops from loss of blood and exhaustion. Sometimes the chase is made doubly exciting and interesting by the pursued turning on its pursuers, when it will fight with as much courage and ferocity as any beast of prey, often goring the ponies, and trampling and 'hooking' the Indians. As soon as the animal drops dead, the squaws gather round it, skin and dress the carcase, and fight like a lot of buzzards for the entrails, which are considered a delicacy by them. But the greatest delicacy you can give an Indian is a fat dog, which he will eat with much relish. At their principal feasts, this is considered the most delicate dish.

The redskins continue to practise many of the customs prevalent before their civilization was attempted, especially their dances, chief among which is the Sun Dance. This is really one of their religious ceremonies, and is observed by the Sioux nation every year, usually during the month of June, when the Indians form a temporary camp and assemble in large numbers, several thousands often being present. This is the most important period in the lives of the young men of the tribe, being the ordeal through which each has to pass to prove the bravery and to satisfy the older men that he is entitled to be counted among the braves. This ceremony controls the future life of a young Indian; at this time he may be said to step at one stride from boyhood to manhood. The Sun Dance is the last relic of barbarous days; and notwithstanding the efforts made to civilize the red men, they cling to its observance with a persistency which proves how difficult is the task the advocates of Indian civilization have undertaken.

About ten days are usually occupied in the ceremonies attending the Sun Dance, during which time the chief medicine man of the tribe holds despotic sway. From the maidens of the tribe, one a virgin is selected to cut the pole around which the dance is to take place. After the pole is cut and the medicine man has consecrated it and invoked the aid of the Great Spirit to sustain the young men in the ordeal they are about to go through, thongs of raw hide are attached to the top, and it is set in its place by the same maiden.

In the medicine-man's tent the young men, who have already fasted for several days, submit to have the flesh on their chests cut in two gashes about half an inch or two in length, and loosened from the bones. Then they march to the pole, and each in turn has the loose end of a rawhide thong pulled through the slit and fastened securely.

They are then compelled to dance around the pole to the music of the drums and tom toms, straining and pulling back in the endeavor to tear themselves loose. If they succeed, they are declared braves, and worthy to go into battle.

In order to show that they are entitled to a special work of distinction, they dance afterwards in a circle, and cut their flesh with sharp knives until they are compelled to desist from loss of blood and weakness.

The other dances customary with the Indians, accompanied by the drums and tom-toms, are then indulged in by the older braves, who vary the monotony of the dance by each in turn stepping into the magic circle, and, with great flourish and egotism, recounting his own deeds of valor and the number of scalps taken by him. After this, a grand dog feast is prepared by the squaws, and partaken of by the braves with much relish and gusto, where the participants gorge themselves, and sleep off the effects like a lot of overfed hogs in a pen.

THE PROFESSIONAL INVALID.—E. Lynn Lynton tells of the profession of an invalid, who is of all others the most disastrous, and the invalid by profession is of all human beings the one to be most profoundly pitied.

To the small substratum of fact in her derangement of health she adds a monstrous superstructure of fancy. She lives in the contemplation of her symptoms, and her symptoms are of a kind to make short work of a Hercules if he had them. She has the most extraordinary complication of disorders—a very network of maladies running through every organ and encompassing her, inside and out—so that what is good for one disease is bad for another, and thus a radical cure is impossible.

And these symptoms, these diseases, come and go with such marvelous rapidity. At three o'clock an internal inflammation has set in with one of these invalids by profession—an inflammation so acute that she may not put her feet to the ground, nor rise from the sofa when her friend goes to visit her.

At five she is up and out, taking a brisk walk on her own account; and the next day she wants to go up a mountain in the burning noon of a tropical summer's day. One day she cannot bear the glare from the road for a ten minutes' walk, another, she encounters that and the blinding dust for a two hour's drive, seated on the box next the coachman. Sometimes she cannot go up three flights of shallow stairs; at others she yearns for a vigorous companion to go fast up the steep hills which surround the valley where she has her temporary home. With nerves all on edge she drinks quarts of strong tea without milk or sugar. With, on occasions, the timidity of an ingenue, she went to the crowded exposition unaccompanied and elbows her way to and from the Eiffel Tower alone.

It is all part of the same thing—that invalidism which comes and goes according to the mood of the moment and the desire of the invalid to do what she likes to do and not to do what she does not like to do.

THE FOOT MEASURE.—The origin of the foot measure was thus arrived at. On a Sunday morning after service, the proper officer stood at the church door, and stopped the first sixteen men who passed out. He then made them put their left feet behind the other; and the sixteenth part of the resulting length was the right and lawful foot of that particular parish. One would have expected to find the measure of sixteen feet surviving under some special name. Instead we have the rod, pole or perch, of 16'1 6in. So it was that a foot in London meant a fixed length, while, at the same date, it meant a variable length in the country. The foot of the peasant was longer than that of the artisan. It was tacitly arranged that so far as the foot was concerned, the country should give way to London, and that, so far as the rod was concerned, the city should give way to the country. And this was a very reasonable arrangement; for the foot is essentially the measure of the artisan, while the rod is used only in connection with land.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Austria and Hungary just now to do away with the form of salutation customary among men—that of taking off the hat.

YOU CAN BREAK UP A BAD COLD by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and old and popular medicine for Sore Lungs and Throats, and the best of all Cough remedies.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs. Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Diphtheria, Influenza (Sporadic or Epidemic), Difficult Breathing.

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

Radway's Ready Relief, a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and Is the Only PAIN REMEDY.

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA

Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS,

CHILLS AND FEVER.

FEVER and AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier,

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c; price twenty-five cents), Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

Skin Diseases, Humors and Sores.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetters, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

The Most Economical! The Best!

Smaller Doses Than Other Sarsaparillas but More Concentrated.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cts per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing **Sick Headache** Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "Facts and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

T. A. Peters, Lancaster, Pa.: "I would not be without them. They are something every family should have."

Mrs. Caroline Monteth, Dear Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills I have ever used."

J. W. Brewer, Ashburn, Mo.: "Those Regulating Pills are worth their size in gold. They will never be out of my house."

Dr. D. Hughes, Nicholasville, Ky.: Uses them in his practice, and pronounces them without doubt the best in use.

Dr. Thos. J. Jones, Montague, Texas: Has used them for over twenty years, and never failed with them in Malaria.

Mrs. Geo. Lohmiller, Santa Fe, Kan., says: "They never fail to give satisfaction," and calls them "a family necessity."

We have received thousands of such testimonials and others are steadily pouring into our office daily, which is itself a

POSITIVE PROOF

of real worth and merit.

Send a letter stamp to **DR. RADWAY & CO.**, No. 32 Warren st., New York, for "Facts and True."

Humorous.

THE SILENT SHAVE.

Never a word he uttered
To the man in the plush-clad chair,
While the cockatoo o'er him fluttered
And warbled a fiendish air.

No information gathered
The mortal who sought repose,
In silence the barber lathered
His face to his eyes and nose.

He offered no information
Concerning the great big Fair,
Nor of the needs of the nation
Or the thinness of his hair.

With attention never weary
He shaved him with silent grace,
Forgetting the usual query
Of "Say rum on the face?"

As kind as the kindest brother
He let no sentence drop,
Because he was shaving another
Man that worked in the shop.

—U. N. NONE.

Best place for a boil—In the tea kettle.

Who is the largest man?—The lover; he is made of tremendous sighs.

The most ticklish position we know of is that occupied by a fly on a bald head.

It a rooster were as big as his crow, a whole family could live on him for six months.

It is a sad reflection on human nature that almost any crooked transaction can be squared by a good round sum.

"What did you and Smith talk about?" "About fifteen minutes." "I mean, what did you talk over?" "The telephone."

Physiologists say that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one knows everything.

It is never safe to admire a work of art nowadays until you have examined the corners and made sure that it is not the advertising premium of some soap manufacturer.

"What are you doing now, Gus?' said one young man to another. "Oh, I write for a living!" "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."

Teacher, to dull boy of the class: "Which New England State has two capitals?" Boy: "New Hampshire." Teacher: "Indeed! Name them." Boy: "Capital N and capital H."

An Irishman, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus: "If you don't love me, please send back the letter without breaking the seal."

Lady of the house: "Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day." Tramp: "Yes, mum; and I merely came round to show you that I was still alive."

There is nothing like giving full particulars. An exchange in telling its readers of an accident by which a hunter blew off the "entire top of his head" is thoughtful enough to add that "death was instantaneous."

Pastor: "Mrs Jones, have you ever reflected that in the course of time you, too, must join the silent majority?" Mr. Jones. "That's so, parson, and I kinder wish you'd impress on her that she ought to be practicin' for it now."

Mendicant: "Please help a poor blind man!" Kind old lady: "Blind? Why, bless me, there's a dime for you." Mendicant: "I thank ye heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minit I see you comin' you was a kind-hearted old 'oman."

A strong recommendation. Mr. Hayseed, buying a cigar: "I hope this ain't one of those weeds that burn out in no time at all. I want a good long smoke." Tobacconist, impressively: "Mine friendt, dot segar will last till you vas sick of it!"

Childhood of to day. New nurse, rocking the cradle, sings, "Sleep, little one, sleep!" Voice from the cradle: "Now, Pauline, you might as well understand, once for all, that I don't want to hear any of those old things. Just warble something new."

Drug clerk: "I filled a prescription last night for a stranger for $1 10, and this morning I found the dollar is counterfeit." Proprietor: "That's highway robbery again. Well, never mind, if the ten cents is good we will make four cents on the sale."

Young Miss Wilgus: "Where are you going, papa?" The Rev. Mr. Wilgus: "To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country." Y. M. W.: "Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa?"

He: "I believe it is a Wisconsin clergyman who has finally succeeded in converting water into fuel." She: "That's very well for this world, but for the next it might add to our comfort if the clergy could devise some means of converting fuel into water."

Daughter: "Papa, are you in favor of the Eight-hour law?" Papa (thinking about something else)—"No, daughter, I am not; and if young Stickley stays here eight hours another night this week I'll come down stairs and knock a hinge off of the front door with him."

Bobby, to sister Belle's beau: "You are going to be my brother pretty soon, aren't you?" Belle's beau (pleasantly): "I hope so, Robert; but what makes you think so?" Bobby: "Because Belle said if you proposed to her she'd be a sister to you, and that'll make you my brother, won't it?"

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin: "Hostetter McGinnis, it is outrageous the way you treat me." Hostetter McGinnis: "What's up now, Esmeralda?" "You are engaged to me, but you flirt with Birdie McHenipin." "Be calm, Esmeralda, be calm. I'm going to go back on that other girl, too."

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS.—A New York daily journal gives the following singular accidents, among others, said to be taken at random from recent records of some accident insurance companies:

James Moran, a Cincinnati drug clerk, wound up a big automatic advertising device in front of the shop. An immense steel spring stored the motive power. Something broke. There was a prodigious whirring and then the whole machine flew into a thousand pieces. Mr. Moran lost a few fingers.

A piece of fat pork caught fire in an oven and blazed out into the room. A small boy threw on water, and the hot grease was scattered over him, burning him badly. He bolted for the door, and fell over his little brother who was knocked senseless. The father, hastening to the scene, fell down stairs, and was rendered unconscious. The fire went out.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.—The precepts of Christianity have a marked superiority over the tedious and intricate rules of modern theories. They teach what is intelligible—they enjoin what is practicable—they do not make the moral worth of the sufferer the sole or in all cases even the chief measure of his right to succor. They do not strain or relax the spring of our particular affections, but direct them in their proper tone towards their proper objects. They do not bewilder and annoy our minds by throwing compassion, or gratitude, or clemency, into an hypothetical state of variance with justice. They admit the principle of loving those by whom we are loved, and they enforce the distinct, and certainly not inferior principle of extending a portion of that love to those by whom we are despitefully "vexed and persecuted."

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is a curious coincidence that the figure 14 is associated with Louis XIV all through his life. He was born on the 14th of September. He became of age when he was 14, and was made king in 1643; add the latter figures together and you obtain 14. He began his personal government in 1661: 1 6 6 1—14, and he reigned for 72 years. His father died May 14, 1643, and his grandfather, Henry IV, also died on that date, May 14. He himself died in 1751, at the age of 77 years.

HOW IT WAS.—"Grandmother," said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Princess Beatrice's baby has not got all his fingers on one hand, and that both his legs are not right?"—"Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Then how could he ever wield the spectre of the realm, or walk as he ought to do?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clipping the cat's whiskers, and grinning to think that his grandmother did not see that nobody has all his fingers on one hand, nor any body two right legs.

IRON HOUSES.—Iron is rapidly increasing in its use for houses. You can buy a complete iron house at the manufacturer's and have it sent anywhere in pieces. A large number of iron villas have been sent from England to the Riviera and put up there upon plots of land purchased or leased, with the provision that when the lease expires the house can be taken away A comfortable house can readily be built in a month. The price of a room measuring 20 by 13 feet is about $250.

COOKING THE GOOSE.—Once King Eric, of Sweden, on a warlike march came to a town and laid siege to it. He had a mere fragment of an army, and the city, to mock him, hung out a goose for him to shoot. But soon they found that he was more formidable than they had supposed, so they sent out heralds to ask him what he wanted. "I only want to cook your goose for you," Eric replied. He did so by taking the town by storm. This is the origin of the well-known saying.

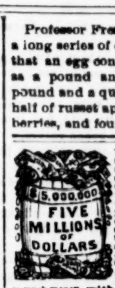
CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS,

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

Professor Fresenius, of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries, and four pounds of pears.



You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked for us received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $1 00 per month. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this very carefully. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we can not employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. TRUE & CO., Box 317, Augusta, Maine.

Seeds 6 pkts of my choicest Flower Seeds 10c. Beautiful catalog free. F. B. Mills, Thorn Hill, N. Y.

Patents THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address *B. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.*

YOUR NAME on 12 Silk fringe cards, 1 Nickel plated Pen and Pencil Initial Rubber Stamp and this Rolled Gold ring 10 cts. 10 Sets 10 names, $1. bill. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Ct.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A first-class man in every locality to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Forfeit $1000 if these statements are false. Colonial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Clinton, Ia.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meat, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn in the **$5 HAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent.) 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS, Easton, Pa.

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All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

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for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

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H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	FOR TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Bride, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 28, '88, Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES R. CHANDLER,
No. 206 Chestnut Street.

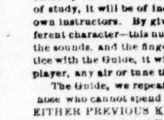
Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET,

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

To introduce them, one in every County or Town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Boston Music Box Co., 7 Murray St., N. Y.



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL it to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child of 10 can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 125 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Many made-up dresses are so original in style, and yet exactly suited to the requirements of well-dressed people, having nothing far-fetched or extravagant, that I am about to minutely describe them. There were two purely morning gowns which I admired.

One of cloth, of the grey tone we often call "London smoke," though somewhat bluer than that exceedingly uncomfortable adjunct of a metropolitan existence; the skirt fell in soft folds divided into panels, each bordered with a band of black satin, edged on both sides with jet beads, a fold of black velvet on the outer edge.

Immediately in front was some black and white striped silk, which appeared arranged en chevron down the front and back of the bodice, and again at the cuffs of the sleeves.

The black satin bead-edged bands formed the basque of the bodice, and were carried up to the front, three long tabs of the cloth falling at the back.

The other gown was a bright red cloth, trimmed with diagonal bands of black ribbon, which looked like striped material. This was introduced in the centre of the front and back of the skirt, and down the back and front of the bodice. The red frill round the waist was formed into paniers by being caught up with these bands of ribbon.

The sleeves stood up boldly on the shoulder, apparently cut on the cross, as was the skirt. A band of black velvet encircled the neck, and fell in long ends at the back. The evening dresses were most original. The gem of the collection seemed to have been inspired by some of the beautiful gowns worn in the Stuart period.

It was a combination of mouse velvet and pink and green brocade, very light in tone, the floral pattern small.

The velvet train opened at the back and front to show the brocade; in front there were some fine lace flounces above the hem, headed by festoons of mousseline chiffon, forming points at intervals, headed by a rosette of green satin.

The bodice was low, a little lace-covered brocade forming the centre of the back, the velvet opening over a brocaded under-bodice, with gold passementerie at the neck and waist.

The sleeves formed slashed puffs, and were headed by two upstanding fans of lace. It would be difficult to find a more graceful gown.

The combination of colors in another of Worth's creations was original. The front of the kirt was rich corn-colored faille; next to this side panels of vieux-rose satin; at the back a narrow rounded train of chocolate velvet, shaped like a duck's tail. There was no trimming on the train, but on the yellow silk and pink satin there was a bordering of dull-gold galon, in no way theatrical in its nature. The back of the bodice was made in velvet, the front of the silk and satin crossing, one side only describing a Zouave, and edged with the trimming. The sleeves were short and puffed, and so slashed that the one material showed through the other.

Black velvet was blended with plain and brocaded Chartreuse satin; in another dress the velvet formed side panels, bordered with cascades of black lace; the back of the skirt plain satin, the front brocade; the satin appeared in the front of the bodice and on the cuffs. A gray and pink brocaded satin had plain trained skirt gathered on to the bodice. The front was richly trimmed with a shaped belt of pink and blue-gray galon, which appeared again at the top of the bodice, confining the soft folds of pink crepe de Chine. This also formed puffed sleeves, and from the waist fell two long fringed sash ends of pink crepe de Chine. I have seen no dresses as yet that could compare with these for grace or elegance.

Black and also natural gray Astrakan is popular. Some of the cloth jackets have sleeves of it, as well as vests. The sleeves are put in full at the top. Other jackets are close fitting at the back, with very high collars and open fronts, the collars and fronts being lined with the skin, and much seen. In light gray the effect is smart. One or two biscuit-colored jackets, with gigot sleeves in silk, matching exactly, have been seen.

At theatres, where pretty wraps are noticeable, several novelties have been noticeable, among them the plush mantles, resembling loose-fitting jackets, with large sleeves and brocade fichus.

An uncommon one, of myrtle-green plush, lined with pale pink satin, had a large, flat, round collar of delicate pink and green brocade, edged with a frill of pale pink satin, reaching to the top of the arms, and kept down by a fringe of black jet beads.

Round the throat and just inside the large sleeves, were ruches of cream vandyked lace, very full. The mantle was longer in front than at the back. Another mantle, of cream brocade shot with gold, was lined throughout with emerald-green velvet, and bordered with feather trimming of the same deep shade.

An ostrich feather muff and boa are at present most fashionable. They are to be seen in white, but the black ones are in the better taste. They are worn with light costumes, and in deep mourning.

Black ostrich feathers adorn large felt hats in shades of grey, terra cotta, light green and mustard color. The last, with black feathers, is considered suitable for mourning, and they not only curl round the crown, but line some of the brims.

Young children wear white felt hats, with straight round brims, turned upwards at one side, softened with curled white ostrich feather trimming, and either one long feather encircling the crown, or small ones curling out from it.

Black Russian net appears in a new guise, and a pretty kind is studded with large interwoven spots; this had been made up over white silk, just fulled with a bouillonne at the hem, and was worn with a black bodice.

A new idea was the Winter Sunset dress, or sunset through a fog. The foundation was a cardinal red silk, overdraped with dark blue gauze, caught up with knots of red ribbon. The coat bodice, of blue velvet, was bordered with red; the two tones blended admirably. A cream moire striped with satin had been made with a low bodice and trained skirt; the front green chiffon over pink.

A teagown was an equally daring combination, and as successful. The full Watteau, gathered at the back of the neck, was apple-green. The wired semi-circular spanettes, standing up boldly on the shoulders, and the wired Medici collar, were of a deep red silk, the whole dress opening over a plain front of red, the fulness kept in its place at the waist by a broad red silk belt. There were long pointed green woollen sleeves, and red silk full sleeves beneath.

A useful and stylish morning dress was a smoke colored cloth, draped over a black velvet petticoat, having one black velvet revers on one side, matching the black velvet sleeves; the other side of the bodice had a double row of gold and black galon.

Millinery is equally distinctive. A small close hat was made with an open crown—one of the new ideas of the season. The brim was composed of three twisted rouleaux of velvet—one green, one red, one brown—like ropes. Bows of ribbon and birds above concealed the opening.

An Eiffel-colored felt hat displayed black wings resting in the front on the upturned brim. The crown was dented in—another novel feature.

A terra-cotta felt had a gauffered brim, wide in the front, shallow at the back, trimmed with jet, and a cloth of the same form, covering the shape tightly, had the Greek pattern carried round the crown in black and gold.

Very picturesque was a large-brimmed black velvet hat, with the crown surrounded by black ostrich tips, curling on to the crown.

The bonnets are small and close. One, with a crown of heliotrope passementerie, had a bow of looped reseda velvet immediately in front, formed like a Catharine wheel.

A cape of black ostrich feathers, quilted and lined with satin, was a most comfortable addition to a winter dress.

Odds and Ends.

JUVENILE PARTIES.

The degree of importance which in some circles is now attached to children's parties causes these recreations to be regarded in the light of ceremonious entertainments.

What, indeed, are the juvenile dancing parties of modern society but stately balls, in which young children play the part in sober earnestness of accomplished fine ladies and gentlemen?

The nearer the mimic beaux and belles approach to an exact imitation of their elders the greater is apt to be the delight of lookers-on, causing the little girl most elaborately dressed and trained, to assume the coquettish airs and graces of some adult model, and to be as much flattered as though she were queen of the assembly.

The same mistake is too frequently to be observed in cultivating what are termed "company manners" in young boys. All the modest diffidence of honest boy-nature is liable to be regarded as sheer awkwardness by those who think only of producing a momentary effect.

Dancing is, beyond every other accomplishment, the one which is best suited to the age of childhood. All the most thoughtful writers on the education of young children agree in recommending the graceful art at an age when the limbs are supple and the frame in need of change of posture.

But dancing in heated rooms is the least desirable of recreations; and to invite a number of children to perform set figures throughout an evening is after all but a dull amusement. That they are under great restraint for the time being is easily proved by a very simple experiment.

For instance, during the time when the adult company in attendance on the little guests are partaking of their supper, the children are generally left to amuse themselves in the drawing-room. A peep at the party thus set free suffices in almost every case to show what the natural bent of a child's inclination is.

Some one of the party is instinctively chosen to be the leader during the short interval of liberty. This leader, generally one of the oldest girls present, holds a council with two or three companions about her own age, and they agree upon a series of games to be played—games of the most popular kind. "Dropping the handkerchief," "hunt the slipper," "blind man's buff," etc., are amongst the most commonly chosen, and, with bated breath and hushed mirth, lest the supping elders should be made aware of the romps, the games have full swing. The first grown-up person, however, who appears on the threshold of the drawing room puts an end to all the impromptu mirth. The party breaks up, groups of twos and threes are formed; vacant seats are filled with demure occupants, and the seating of the musician at the piano is the signal for the *business* of the evening to recommence.

Amongst the most enjoyable amusements that can be provided is that of conjuring. If an amateur in the circle of the party-giver can be induced to render his assistance, so much the better. The example of a private gentleman having successfully acquired the art sets before his admiring audience the possibility of performing the same tricks themselves.

If an amateur is not forthcoming, a professional conjurer's services can be secured for a trifling sum. We find from two to four guineas is the average expense of such pleasures as children mostly delight in—for example, Magic and Mystery; Punchinello and Dog Toby; Dissolving Views, illustrative of Fairy Tales; Magic Lanterns, &c. The sum is small enough, and capable of procuring novel and interesting amusement for a large number of children.

After the entertainment the most pleasing event is invariably supper. An evening party without the feature of a well-spread supper table would be sadly wanting in one of its most popular elements.

After supper, round games find an appropriate place. Dancing and such games as are admissible in a drawing-room become then a pleasant change.

Whatever kind of amusements may be provided for children's parties, there are none that are so objectionable as card-playing. Very few children can bear losses of any description without the display of ill-temper, or, at least, acute disappointment.

Nor is the exultant triumph of the winner more edifying. There is scarcely a passion of our frail nature which may not be called into action over a game of cards.

The refreshments at juvenile parties should be of a varied kind, and of digestible nature. Partaken of at an unusually late hour, and under considerable excitement, food that at other times might be but slightly indigestible cannot fail to be unhealthy. As a general rule, home-made confectionery, pastry, and beverages are preferable to those obtained at shops.

Fresh fruit and home-made sponge-cakes should present a marked feature at summer parties; likewise those most convenient and ever popular dishes—sandwiches.

Lemon, orange, and cherryade are best suited as the beverage for little children. Orgeat, from being a greater novelty, is also to be recommended.

"WHAT are you doin', you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him standing under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand. 'Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."

JONES, who, with R binson, has just passed a Quaker on the street: "Robinson, do you believe in the doctrine of non-resistance?" Robinson: "Yes, when the other fellow is bigger than I am."

Confidential Correspondents.

OLD SUB.—Any bookstore will furnish you with what you want. Address "Porter & Coates, Publishers, Phila., Pa."

ESSIE.—Hundreds and thousands of unhappy, weak little creatures like you have been ruined. You must stop him, and, if he will not listen to reason, tell your parents. Be stern and hard for your life's happiness depends on your keeping cool.

HAMLET.—Sappers and Miners are the non-commissioned officers and privates of the corps of Engineers. They are intrusted with sapping and mining, making gabions, fascines, &c., and are taught the elementary principles of fortification. They are a body of well-educated, intelligent men, and are also employed in surveys.

M. MUSA.—Carolan was an Irish minstrel at the court of the celebrated Brian Boru, or Borheen, as they sometimes spell it, in those fabulous times when "Malachi wore the collar of gold." You had better consult "Moore's History of Ireland," a very excellent book, written by a poet with the painstaking care of a true historian.

ATHLETE.—Soft corns on the soles of the feet are very awkward to cure. Pressure must be warded off from them, and perhaps the best way is to contrive a circular pad of lint or cotton wool, to be stitched to the sole of the stocking. If corns can be protected from pressure, they, as a rule, soften, and cease to be troublesome.

MINNIE.—A young widow wants some excuse, as we take it, for wearing widow's weeds. We do not like these excuses. Why try to make them? Some eccentric persons object to mourning at all; many object to widow's caps; but at the bottom of all these objections there is only one cause, and that is that they render the wearers somewhat conspicuous without making them pretty.

PUZZLED.—Pray take our advice, and read whatever interests you. Do not imagine that an instructive book is necessarily a dry book. Find out what pleases you most and keep to that. To read books you dislike is equivalent to taking a sort of mental poison. You are fond of novels; by all means go on with them, and never mind if unwise people call you frivolous.

JAMES.—Lent seems to be derived from the Anglo Saxon word "Lenten, Lenta," signifying the spring of the year, because it usually falls about the commencement of Spring. The word "Lent" has for many years been connected with that of poverty, deprivation, and want—hence a "Lenten" entertainment, a poor meal; a Jack o'Lent in our old dramatists signifies a poor half-starved fellow.

MISERY.—Do not put yourself in a "flurry," as the ladies say. Be quiet calm and firm. Refuse to marry the man you hate; and tell your lover that you will be faithful to him and keep your word. Do not think of giving up your fortune; why should you? You can appeal to the law; any one can protect you; and in a short time you will be of age. Temporise with your uncle to gain time; by coolness, and a little patience, you will overthrow his plot.

WOULD BE.—Gun cotton is a highly inflammable and explosive compound, which is obtained by the action of nitric acid on cotton, in the presence of sulphuric acid. By varying the strength of the nitric acid, three kinds of gun cotton may be obtained, of which the first is but slightly explosive; the second is adapted for the preparation of collodion, but is not explosive enough to be used as a substitute for gunpowder; while the third is highly explosive, and is largely used in mining and military operations.

J. C. FORD.—Inanimate objects are often represented figuratively as having sex. Things remarkable for power, greatness, or sublimity are spoken of as masculine; as, the sun, time, death, sleep, fear, anger, winter, war. Things beautiful, amiable, or prolific are spoken of as feminine; as, a ship, the moon, the earth, nature, fortune, knowledge, hope, spring, peace. Figurative gender is indicated only by the personal pronouns of the singular number, as, when we say of the sun, "He is setting;" or of a ship, "She sails well."

EARNEST.—So long as men mistake the glistening spangle for gold, so long will mothers strive, ay, and earnestly too, to give their daughters only a surface knowledge of things general, and teach them only that which will give them "polish." They must dance gracefully, play brilliantly, sing splendidly, and they are finished. Whose fault is this? For whom and by whose taste are they thus educated? Simply by the taste and general preference of the very men who hereafter condemn them. There can be little doubt that the she-fools are educated and brought up for the he-fools, and that both are for a time pleased, and then for life disgusted; hence we have a society of Veneerings, Podsnaps, and other characters, which our novelists have tried to portray.

NELLY.—There is, at the first glance, a great deal of reason in your friend's assertion that we should say "I learnt this by art," and not "heart;" the latter organ has plainly little to do with it, whilst in committing to memory there is no doubt some degree of art. Thus we have works on the "Art of Memory;" and we speak of an artificial memory. On the other hand, we commonly speak of taking a thing to heart, and of laying it up in our heart. Hamlet says, in his heart of hearts, i. e., the "sanctum sanctorum, or holy of holies. In another place Shakspeare uses the word "heart" to express "the greatest extent," "the utmost degree," "the very heart of loss," and it is in this sense that the word is correct in the phrase "to learn by heart;" so that, however ingenious your friend's conjecture may be, it is only a want of knowledge of the genius of our language which could have suggested it to his mind.

OMEGA.—In various art books you will find some account of the origin of the various portraits of the Saviour, not one of which is authentic. There seems to have been a typical idea of his appearance and features handed down to us, some say from an original portrait by Saint Luke. The features of the earlier portraits are Byzantine,—long, lean, and oval, certainly not Jewish in expression; the hair in most portraits is of a reddish-brown, not uncommon with Eastern Jews in the present day, many of whom are fair and noble-looking. A very early legend tells us that the Saviour wore the beard and moustache—the former with two points. The legend is apocryphal, but there may yet be a certain amount of truth in it. It can be of no importance to us, this question of outward form, and no doubt for a very good reason. While we have authentic portraits of many poets and heroes who lived before Him, we have no certain portrait of the Saviour.